NOTES

OF A

JOURNEY, &c.

10170 a. 8.

K. Douglas (A.)

NOTES

OF A

JOURNEY

FROM

BERNE TO ENGLAND,

THROUGH

FRANCE.

MADE IN THE YEAR 1796.

By A. D.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. BLACKADER,

NO. 10. TOOK'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

1797.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To Mrs. D.

St. Alban's,
November 10, 1796.

YOUR happineſs, my dear M. is, on almoſt every occaſion, the motive which influences my actions; but you were in a more peculiar manner the mover in what led to our journey through France. A weakly frame of body, and an apprehenſive turn of mind, were

ill

ill calculated to render you equal to the inconveniences of a journey and voyage by Hamburgh; and the deſire to ſpare you the pain of ſuch an effort, ſuggeſted to me a wiſh to find another mode of returning home. Leave to traverſe France was what I almoſt deſpaired to obtain; yet the declaration that you had courage to brave every chance of danger, provided you could eſcape a long ſea-voyage, determined me to make the trial, which has ſo happily ſucceeded. The journey through France was not more truly the effect of my wiſh to preſerve you from inconvenience and danger, than the arrangement of my Notes is the conſequence of my deſire to comply with your requeſts. Accept, then, with the graciouſneſs of kind affection, my endeavours to detail the particulars of our intereſting journey; in which it would be difficult to ſay, whether curioſity or anxiety was predominant. I ſhall be largely paid for the moments I have employed in tranſcribing theſe pages, ſhould they

ſerve to recal to your memory, with any ſatisfaction, the ſcenes of which we were neither heedleſs nor unfeeling ſpectators.

N. B. Though we have been induced, for the accommodation of thoſe particular friends who are deſirous to follow us in our journey, to give our Notes in letter-preſs; we muſt intreat the ſame indulgence, as if they were preſented in writing. By endeavouring to render the journey more eaſy and commodious to them, we hope they will accept in good humour the fare we offer; and conſider it as a family dinner, not as a public entertainment.

14 JY 60

NOTES

OF A

JOURNEY, &c.

FROM the theatre of war becoming more and more extended, and from the formidable preparations in every quarter threatening an increaſe of alarm and miſery, our reſidence on the Continent was rendered every day more peculiarly unpleaſant. Germany promiſed no permanent aſylum, Italy was already the ſeat of war, and it ſeemed very uncertain if Switzerland could long preſerve a ſtate of perfect neutrality; and added to theſe public embarraſſments, were

private affairs, which required our preſence in England. Yet ſo many difficulties preſented to the journey by Hamburgh, that, notwithſtanding the many reaſons that preſſed our return, that rout was next to impracticable. Mrs. Douglas's ſtate of health and ſpirits, (little able to ſupport the fatigues of travelling by the roads we ſhould be obliged to paſs,) repreſented to her mind, with ſuch inexpreſſible and tormenting apprehenſion, the combined horrors of ſea-ſick agony, of poſſible ſhipwreck, and probable captivity, that I had not either the cruelty or courage to urge her very ſtrongly to make ſo painful an experiment. No hope remained for us of eluding the harſh alternative, of continuing in the midſt o war's alarms, or of riſking the miſeries of a dreaded journey and voyage, excepting the chance of obtaining permiſſion to paſs through France; and of this our proſpect of ſucceſs appeared but ſlender. Some of our diplomatic friends at Ratiſbon had made fruitleſs efforts to intereſt in our favour the miniſters of their reſpective courts then reſident at Paris; but the

ſuppoſed

ſuppoſed temper of the government, and the fear of being wounded by a refuſal, made them unwilling to riſk the application; and the anſwer of Monſieur Barthelemy, the French ambaſſador at Baſle, to a powerful friend of Berne, who ſolicited his aſſiſtance for us, reduced our hope of ſucceſs to a very low ebb. The following was what he wrote on that ſubject:——

" J' ai du le refuſer parceque les loix defendant
" tres poſitivement l' entrée de la France a tous
" les habitants des pays avec les quels elle eſt
" en guerre, je ne ferai, en ſolicitant une excep-
" tion, que m' expoſer fort inutilement au refus
" du miniſtre La Croix. Ce que j' ai ſolicité
" dans le tems et avec ſucces en faveur du Ne-
" veu de Monſieur Douglas, je ne l' eſſaïerois
" pas aujourdhui: alors je pouvois quelque-
" choſe. J' eſpere que Monſieur Douglas ne
" me ſaura pas mauvais grè de mon refus: il
" n'eſt certainement pas volontaire."

Our ſituation becoming more irkſome and threatening abroad, and my affairs more preſſing at home, I determined to make one bold

effort, by direct application to the government of France, through Monsieur De la Croix, the minister for foreign affairs; and accordingly wrote to him the following letter:

" MONSIEUR,

BERNE, 14 de Juillet, 1796.

" QUOIQUE je respecte infiniment le " titre de citoyen, comme expressif des droits " les plus chers et les plus honorables, je " n' ose pas prendre la liberté; étant etranger, " de vous adresser par un terme si estimable " dans la bouche de vos com-patriotes; mais " croyant que vous portez dignement, toutes " les vertus qui s' y attachent dans le sens éten- " du de citoyen du monde, je vous prie, Mon- " sieur, sous ce nom respectable, d' écouter la " voix d' un etranger, l' ami juré de la liberté " digne des hommes; mais souffrant à cette " heure, par les efforts, et par les succès de la " nation Francoise pour étendre ses limites. " Avec toute la franchise et toute la confiance " qui marquent le caractere d' un honnête hom- " me, je vous expliquerai, Monsieur, toutes les

difficultés

" difficultés de ma ſituation, en auſſi peu de
" mots, que poſſible.

" Je ſuis Ecoſſois, ſorti de mon pays in 1792,
" avec ma femme tres malade, pour chercher
" dans les climats plus doux, le retabliſſement
" de ſa ſanté et de la mienne, qui etoit auſſi
" une peu delabrée.

" Apres un ſejour de plus de deux années
" en Italie nous ſommes revenus par la Suiſſe
" pour rentrer chez nous ; mais nous trouvames
" les ports de la France, et de la Hollande
" bouchés contre nous, et nous autres obli-
" gès à reſter exilès de notre patrie, juſqu' à
" preſent, dans la douce mais vaine eſpèrance
" d' une paix. Le ſeul chemin ouvert, de
" Hamburg, etoit pour nous rendu imprati-
" cable, par la foible ſanté de ma femme timi-
" de, à cauſe ~~du~~ de la longeur du voyage et
" de ſes ſouffrances ſur mer, qui ſont ſevères
" à un point, qui peut faire craindre pour ſa
" vie même dans le court trajet entre Douvre
" et Calais.

" Notre famille conſiſte de neufs perſonnes,
" &c. pour eux Monſieur, et pour moi-meme

" je ſollicite votre protection, pour m' aider
" à obtenir du directoire et de la Republique, la
" permiſſion de paſſer par le territoire Francois
" à Calais, et de nous y embarquer ſur un vaiſ-
" ſeau neutre ou cartel, pour entrer en Angle-
" terre.

" Voilà Monſieur un détail ſimple et honnête
" de ma ſituation actuelle, et de mes voeux;
" et j' ai tant de confiance dans votre bonté,
" dans la dignité du gouvernement, et dans la
" generoſité nationelle, que j' eſpère tout, de
" l' humanité de votre procedé. Les Francois
" ſont trop nobles pour faire la guerre aux ma-
" lades et aux femmes foibles. Les defenſeurs de
" la liberté univerſelle, les fléaux déclarès des
" tyrans, ſont incapables de s' oppoſer au libre
" voyage d' un innocent individu, qui ne ſe
" mêle ni des affaires politiques ni militaires;
" qui eſt raiſonablement attaché à ſa patrie par
" devoir et par interet; qui aime la liberté
" dans ſes plus aimables formes, et qui voudroit
" bien que toute le monde en jouit ~~partageât~~. Ma
" haute idée de votre droiture d' eſprit, Mon-
" ſieur, et de la juſtice nationelle, me fait eſ-

" pérer

" perer une reponſe favourable à mes voeux, ſi
" ſimplement detaillés ; mais ſi d' autres ren-
" ſignements ſont neceſſaires pour en identifier
" la verité, je ſuis bien connu à Berne, de Mon-
" ſieur le Treſorier Friſching, Monſieur le Con-
" ſeillier F. et de pluſieurs autres conſeilliers ; et
" à Zuric des Senateurs Burkelj, Fuſeli, &c.

" S' il exiſte actuellement une ordonnance de
" la Republique, qui defende aux ſujets d' une
" nation en guerre avec la France, d' y entrer ;
" le gouvernement eſt trop ſage pour avoir fait
" une regle, qui n' admette pas d' exceptions.
" Et en quelle occaſion pourroit ſe preſenter
" une plus digne de l' exerciſe de leur indul-
" gence, que quand un individu agé, une fem-
" me malade, et un enfant foible demandent la
" grace de rentrer dans leur pays ; ou leurs in-
" terets les plus chers ſont en danger par leur
" abſence ?

" Mais je me ſens ſi aſſuré de votre protec-
" tion, et de l' eſprit généreux qui doit diri-
" ger une Republique fondée ſur les principes
" nobles d' une liberté univerſelle, que quoique
" je m' en aille aux bains de Leuch pour quel-

" ques ſemaines, je donnerai ordres à mes do-
" meſtiques d' arranger mes affaires en telle
" maniere, que je ſerai pret à profiter de la
" permiſſion que j' attends de m' être accordée
" par la juſtice louable du gouvernement Fran-
" cois: et ſi j' etois permis de choiſir le mo-
" ment du voyage, je voudrois bien le com-
" mencer au milieu de Septembre.

" Si vous vous cedez, Monſieur, à mes prie-
" res, je pourrois vous promettre mes efforts
" les plus zelés pour obtenir la liberté des pri-
" ſonniers Francois, qui répondent au nombre
" des hommes dans ma ſuite."

&c. &c. &c.

In three weeks after I received an anſwer in theſe terms:

RELATIONS EXTERIEURES. Liberté. Egalité.

PARIS, le 26 Meſſidor, de l'an 4me de la Republique Francoiſe, une et indiviſible.

Le Miniſtre des Relations Extérieures.

A Monſieur DOUGLAS, *&c.*

" PAR votre lettre de 14 de Juillet, Mon-
" ſieur, vous demandez la faculté de vous ren-
" dre avec votre famille de Berne à Calais en
" traverſant la France, pour éviter à votre
" épouſe valétudinaire les dangers d'une longue
" navigation: vous avez raiſon de penſer que
" votre qualité d'Anglois ne pourroit nuire au
" ſuccès de votre demande. Les Francois ne
" reconnoiſſent plus d' ennemies, quand il
" s' agit de ſoulager l' humanité ſouffrante.
" Vous pouvez vous adreſſer au citoyen Bar-
" thelemy,

" thelemy, ambaſſadeur de la republique Fran-
" coiſe à Baſle; je l' autoriſe aujourdhui à vous
" delivrer le paſſeport que vous deſirez.

" Salut et fraternité,

" Ch. Delacroix."

The paſſport was politely and ſpeedily executed by Monſ. Barthelemy, who, to give it more effect, added, after our deſcription,— " En virtù de l' autoriſation du directoire ex-
" ecutif conſignée dans la lettre du miniſtre
" des relations exterieures."

Before our departure from Berne, I thought it polite and prudent to thank the miniſter for his gracious attention, and to inform him of our deſign to paſs by the route of Paris.

" MONSIEUR,

BERNE, 21 d' Aout, 1796.

" SI ma plume ~~put~~ pouvoit repondre à mes " ſentiments, jè ſerois capable de bien exprimer " la reconnoiſſance qu' inſpirent votre bonté " généreuſe, et le procédé noble du gouverne- " ment Francois, à l'egard d'un etranger le " jouet des circonſtances facheuſes; dont le " cœur, eſt trés ſenſible à la dignité de con- " duite, qui caracteriſe ſi bien une nation il- " luſtre.

" Charmé de votre permiſſion, Monſieur, gra- " cieuſement accordée, j'en ai déja profité; et " j' ai reçu de Monſieur Barthelemy, l'ambaſſa- " deur de la république à Baſle, les paſſeports " déſirés. Je compte de partir d'ici en quel- " ques jours, et de voyager lentement, pour " arriver à Paris.

" Ma femme touchée de votre bonté, trouve " ſon ame ſoulagée par une permiſſion ſi favor- " able à ſes voeux. Ses nerfs mobiles ſont de- " venus plus tranquils; et ſa ſantè a plus ga- " gné en quatre ſemaines de cette tranquilité

" conſolante

" conſolante que de tous les medicins d'Italie
" et d'Allemagne, en tant d'années.

" Je voudrois bien, Monſieur, pouvoir ~~que je pus~~ faire
" reciproquement paſſer, ma maniere de penſer,
" dans les cœurs Francois et Anglois. Leurs dif-
" ferents mutuels ſeroient bientot finis, et leur
" inimitié funeſte ſeroit changée en amitié bien-
" faiſante: le monde jouiroit du repos néceſſaire;
" et la republique établiroit dans l'interieur
" une proſperité et une félicité auſſi ſolide, par-
" mi les peuples, que ~~leur~~ ſa gloire et ~~leur~~ ſes ſuccès
" ont eté brillants au dehors.

" Je ſuis, Monſieur, avec reſpect et eſtime,
" Votre trés obligé et
" Trés humble ſerviteur,

" A. Douglas."

We left Berne the 27th of Auguſt 1796, and took the road by Lauſanne. As Mrs. Douglas had never ſeen the Pays de Vaud, and as I wiſhed much to viſit Geneva, we were obliged to

to make a very ſhort ſtay at Lauſanne in paſſing; but I had an opportunity of gratifying her, on a fine autumnal evening, with the magnificent view of the lake, of its banks, and of the ſublime mountains which bound the horizon of this rich landſcape. The journey of next day to Nyon, exhibited a ſcene of milder beauty; but with all the advantage that mountains, water, and rich plains, could derive from an azure ſky and bright ſunſhine: one thing alone was wanting to augment the ſublimity of our proſpect—a view of Mont Blanc; who cruelly refuſed to ſhew himſelf. We were equally unfortunate during the days we reſted at Nyon; that firſt of mountains being continually enveloped in clouds, though thoſe of inferior dignity were daily viſible.

Mrs. Douglas preferring repoſe and tranquillity at Nyon to a journey to Geneva, I was under the neceſſity of making it alone; but regretted, at every ſtep, that ſhe had miſſed what would have been an airing of uncommon and pleaſing variety to her who enjoys in a high degree

degree the beauty of fine ſcenery. I found my paſſport ſo reſpected in the little French diſtrict of Verſoy, that I augured perfect ſecurity for the reſt of our journey.

I fixed my reſidence without the town of Geneva, at Dejeans; as the ſtate of the city, though comparatively tranquil, was not ſuch as to render it an eligible abode. It was impoſſible to view, without the moſt painful ſenſations, the fallen condition of this once flouriſhing place; which, for beauty of ſituation, for learning, for commerce, for riches, and for eſtimable ſociety, was hardly to be equalled. At preſent no trade, much appearance of miſery; no ſociety, every countenance marked with fear or ſuſpicion; no elegance of manners or dreſs; not a perſon that could convey the idea of genteel, to be ſeen in the ſtreets: the people you met impreſſing ſtrongly the idea of being fallen into a den of thieves There reigned in every ſtreet a gloomy ſtillneſs, which produced a ſenſation of breathleſs terror; ſuch as might fill the minds of a family in the dead of night,

which

which heard a band of robbers forcing the locks and bars of the houſe.

The ſituation of Geneva and its neighbourhood is well known to comprehend much of what conſtitutes local beauty. Indeed I have never ſeen a ſpot where the country-houſes command proſpects at the ſame time ſo ſublime and ſo beautiful: that of Monſieur de Pan is one of the moſt remarkable, having a view of the city, the lake, the country, the mountains of Savoy, and the junction of the river Arve with the Rhone. The villa of Monſieur Tronchin is an object meriting a viſit from the connoiſſeur, as containing what is perhaps the beſt private collection of pictures in Europe. There are to be ſeen ſome of the fineſt ſpecimens of the greateſt maſters, as of Titian, Claude Lorraine, Rembrandt, Scalken, Vanderwerf, Wovermann, and a number of others: but the reſpectable maſter of the manſion is ſtill more intereſting than the pictures, being ninety-five or ninety-ſix years of age, with all the lively gaiety of a young man, and a countenance that

ſeems

ſeems no more than fifty. He is chearful, intelligent, and ſociable; loves converſation; and has no marks of infirmity, excepting a lameneſs, which is the effect of accident, not of old age.

The idol of the preſent revolutionary crew of Geneva, is their fellow-citizen J. J. Rouſſeau, whoſe buſt they have exalted on an ill-faſhioned pillar or pedeſtal in one of the public walks; and have inſcribed on it the bewildering words Liberty, Equality, Independence and Fraternity; not one of which can juſtly apply to the preſent ſtate of Geneva. Thoſe of the higher order of inhabitants, whom ſanguinary and lawleſs fury have ſpared, and to whom any property remains, are beginning to venture into day-light; but with trembling caution, as the wolves, who have formerly worried the fatteſt of the flock, are prowling about, and have lately exhibited ſigns of returning hunger. Fear and anxiety are the prevailing ſenſations of the unhappy Genevois; as the magiſtracy choſen has no power which it dares exerciſe againſt the revolutionary

lutionary mob, which, in a very late commotion, confined the whole of this feeble corps in their own hall, during ſeveral hours; and it was at laſt liberated by the intervention of the miniſter of France, who threatened the rioters with the reſentment of his republic, as entirely diſapproving ſuch a mode of proceeding. Thus we ſee that the very exiſtence of Geneva, as a a government, depends upon the will of that of France. By the advice of Monſieur Deport, the French reſident, I changed my intention of going by Lyons; and, after a few days ſtay at Geneva, I returned to Nyon, where, finding Mrs. D. in ſtrength and ſpirits to proſecute our journey, I made an agreement with a voiturier to conduct us to Paris, with twelve horſes; not daring to riſk being ſerved by the poſt, which was only beginning to revive.

We left Nyon the 3d of September, and were much pleaſed in aſcending Mount Jura, by the

extenſive view of the country on each ſide of the magnificent lake of Geneva. We underwent a ſtrict but civil ſcrutiny on entering the territory of France. The delay it occaſioned gave me an opportunity of ſeeing and admiring the induſtry, which had cultivated with vaſt pains and labour every practicable ſpot among thoſe ſterile mountains. From every ſpace, where there was any ſoil, the looſe ſtones had been gathered and piled in heaps; and the intervals were in tolerable verdure, or had juſt ſupplied the huſbandman with a ſcanty crop of grain. All this ſhew of induſtry was of no later date than the revolution. The peaſant, ſure to enjoy the fruit of his labour, was no longer ſparing in the exerciſe of it. On every ſide, during the reſt of our journey through Franche Comté, we ſaw little ſnug new houſes rearing their heads, and thoſe already built receiving improvement or repair. The country ſeemed moderately well peopled, and the inhabitants had an air of being at their eaſe. This appearance of thriving, through the whole of this country, ſerved to comfort us in ſome ſort, under the pain excited

cited by the view of many ruined chatteaus, which occurred but too frequently.

We ſlept the firſt night at Morey, a neat little town, with an excellent inn, but an extortioning landlord; who charged us one hundred livres in money for our apartments, and was with difficulty prevailed on to accept of forty-eight livres. Two loaded foreign carriages was quite a prize, which a by-ſtander expreſſed on our arrival, by ſaying, *Voila un perou.* The roads from hence were in places ſo very bad as to give us fears for the ſafety of our carriages, and to induce us to quit them ſometimes for our perſonal ſecurity. We dined at a little inn named Maiſon Neuf, near which we diſcovered a very pictureſque caſcade, of which our fellow-traveller Monſieur Geſſner made an exact ſketch. From hence to Champagnole, the views are pleaſant, and the roads tolerable; but the inn, where we were obliged to paſs the night, was execrable. An inhabitant, with whom I entered into converſation, ſaid, the place had ſuffered much from the total ſtagnation of com-

 merce,

merce, which had ſtopped the mills and iron works; but things began to wear a better aſpect. Our journey next day was through an open, ſtony, and black country, but ſhewing ſtrong marks of induſtry, till we reached the ſteep, which terminates the mountainous portion of the province, and conducts to Poligny; this little town was without any thing to recommend it, but that we found a good dinner to recruit us after the perils of a rapid deſcent, by a road in every reſpect frightful and dangerous. It was impoſſible to remain in the carriages while ſtumbling down this precipice; and though we could not avoid having ſome fear of what might happen to them, we could not ſhut our eyes to many beautiful points of view, which preſented themſelves as we ſcrambled down the ſteep and rugged ſide of the mountain. The time this deſcent required retarded our arrival at Dole till after it was dark; yet, traverſing the town to reach the inn on the oppoſite ſide, we could perceive it to be large and well peopled. By ſome inattention in the centinel, our carriage was ſuffered to paſs the gate without particular

ticular examination; but our heavy coach not following immediately after, he had recollected himself, and insisted, that the passports must be examined at the municipality before the people could be allowed to go to the inn. He was deaf to the entreaties of the women, and to the remonstrances of the voiturier, who pleaded fatigue: and least they should continue their way, a file of musqueteers with presented bayonets opposed their passage. The women's fright and tears at last a little softened this cerberus, and they were allowed to proceed, and joined us at the moment we began to be uneasy at their stay, having promised to transmit the passports to the municipality without delay. While we were arranging measures for that purpose, the principal officer of the town, and the commander of the guard were announced. They came to apologize for the brutality of their co-citoyen, who they informed us was in liquor, and then in confinement till I should say what farther satisfaction I required as a punishment for the insolence of his behaviour. Emulating their politeness, I only asked he might be set at li-

 berty,

berty; as their honourable procedure more than made amends for the centinel's rudeneſs.

Dole is pleaſantly ſituated, commanding the view of a fine valley, through which winds the river Doux; and from the public walk, the proſpect is much heightened by the broken arches of the old bridge. A few leagues before we reached the town, we had croſſed the river by a new bridge, of a ſtructure peculiarly elegant and ſimple. The town ſhewed very few marks of having ſuffered by the revolution; the houſes appeared unhurt, and the people occupied in their buſineſs. The market was full and well ſerved; and the great church in order for public worſhip; which was performing at the time of my viſit. They were employed in erecting a ſtatue to Liberty in the *place*; and on the walls of the church were inſcribed *ſub lege libertas*.

From Dole, we proceeded to Auxonne, a neat town, where we found a good inn, and ſaw an appearance of buſineſs. It ſtands on the river

river Soane, which glides along without any evident motion, a characteriſtic it preſerves to its junction with the rapid Rhone, near Lyons. The people here, and indeed through all Franche Comté, ſeemed buſy, ſatisfied, and at their eaſe. Many of the principal inhabitants crowded with eager curioſity about our carriages, which were left in the ſtreet; and ſpeculated with wonder about who we could be. As I made it a rule to join every group, I entered into converſation with the gazers, announced my character of Engliſh, and that I was on the road to Paris, &c. We mutually agreed in wiſhing a ſpeedy and general peace; and, from a converſation which Mrs. Douglas over-heard, they were inclined to do me the honour to ſuppoſe that to be my errand to Paris. Before I croſs the Soane, to enter Burgundy, I muſt repeat, that in Franche Comté, I could perceive few marks of miſery, of depopulation, or of diſcontent.

The road and country from Auxonne to Dijon is good, and the harveſt ſeemed to have been every where abundant. We ſaw a number of

ruined and deſerted chateaus, and but few houſes building. As we approached Dijon, the marks of deſolation became more and more evident, to the very gates of the town, which bore ſuch ſigns of delapidation, as to give the idea of a place that had ſuffered from a ſiege. No guards at the gates, no buſtle in the ſtreets; but an air of melancholy ſilence prevailed every where to ſuch a degree, as to infect us with ſimilar ſenſations. There were ſhops open, but ſo few people moving, that I ſeemed to feel myſelf in a town almoſt depopulated by a peſtilence. It being neceſſary to have our paſſports examined, we were obliged to give up half a day to that buſineſs, which afforded us time to grieve over the mournful handſome ſtreets, and deſerted ſpacious ſquares of this ſaddening town. Here we began to perceive cruel marks of revolutionary outrage, particularly viſible in the churches. The windows were broken; the images, without and within, defaced or thrown down; the interior ſtripped or converted to the meaneſt uſes. Over the principal entrance into one was inſcribed theſe words—*Les Francois re-*

con-

connoiſſent un etre ſupreme & l'immortalité de l'ame; But this is a late acknowledgement; as, with the Jacobins, reaſon was what they affected to accept for a guide, and death was degraded into a long ſleep.

Suſpicion and diſcontent is the expreſſion of the countenances of Dijon; and ſome of the people dared even to expreſs to us their diſlike of the preſent government, and their opinion (which ſeemed to comprehend the wiſh) that it could not be of long duration; a counter-revolution being a thing looked for. There are inſcribed on tablets fixed to the gates, the beſt maxims of the *droits des hommes*; but theſe have neither contented nor tranquillized the minds of the inhabitants.

In the reviſion of our paſſports, we were treated with great civility, and our buſineſs ſoon diſpatched, though there were numbers waiting there for a like purpoſe. Among the reſt, a moſt intereſting old man who had ſeen better days; and, though now reduced to indigence

digence by the change of government, expreſſed no diſcontent. He ſpoke of his misfortunes with a reſigned dignity, which affected us with a reſpectful ſympathy; and as I am ſure my dear Mrs. Douglas will never forget the touching manner of the man, I hope ſhe will allow herſelf to mention him with all that energy and delicacy of feeling, with which ſhe can deſcribe ſcenes of diſtreſs and tenderneſs.

To contraſt this affecting ſcene above ſtairs, we heard from below, the moſt outrageous noiſe and bawling, to which human lungs could give vent; a noiſe, which it was impoſſible to ſay, whether the effect of ſorrow or anger. We were told it was occaſioned by the complainings of a poiſſarde. We had a view of her afterwards in traverſing the ſquare; and a more fiend-like form was never beheld. She was blaſpheming and foaming with rage almoſt inarticulate; execrating, imprecating, crying, without ſhedding a tear; her perſon ſquallid, her countenance bloated, red, and ſwollen with paſſion. I never

ſaw

ſaw a figure ſo expreſſive of one of the damned, ſuffering due puniſhment, with rage void of repentance.

I was ſurprized to be accoſted in the ſtreets of Dijon by ſome of our countrymen, begging, and in rags. They informed me that there were about one hundred and fifty of them, who had been priſoners ever ſince the affair of Dunkirk; that they had loſt all hope of being releaſed while the war continued, ſuppoſing themſelves forgotten at home; that they had no allowance, and picked up a wretched ſubſiſtence by occaſional employment in the fields and ſtreets, and from the humane but ſlender alms of the inhabitants; who ſometimes gave them of that little which remained to themſelves. Theſe poor fellows literally mingled their bread with tears; tears embittered by the ſuppoſition of being abandoned of their country, whoſe battles they had fought; and neglected of thoſe officers for whoſe glory they had expoſed their lives. I cannot allow myſelf to ſuppoſe that their captivity is ſo cruelly lengthened by the negligence

of

of our government. I wiſh it could be accounted for without inculpating thoſe whom I endeavour to reſpect.

We were glad to leave Dijon, though to ſleep at an indifferent inn at Pont de Panis; yet, if not magnificent, it was clean and free from vermin, with which ſome of our company had been incommoded at Dole and Dijon. In journeying the next day, we broke down about two leagues from Vitteaux; but by the help of a ſtrong rope, reached that little dirty town in ſafety. It was holiday, the people unoccupied and ſauntering about in their beſt apparel; yet without any thing cheery or cheering in their countenances. They cluſtered about the carriages; but as I never left the ſpectators much time for conjecture, I mingled with them, talked to them, and we were reciprocally communicative. Being Thurſday, and every one idle, I ſuppoſed it was the decade; but hearing it was ſome feaſt of the Virgin, expreſſed my ſurpriſe at their obſervance of ſuch a day, when, as I had underſtood, the French had aboliſhed ſaints and

Sundays.

Sundays. " Non, citoyen, nous ſuivons ici " l' ancien regime." The inhabitants ſeemed ſo uncomfortable, and ſo ungracious, that I rejoiced our repairs were ſo ſoon finiſhed, and that we were not obliged to paſs the night, amidſt ſuch diſmal faces; but puſhing on a ſtage farther to Maiſon Neuve, we found a neat and clean place, with a cheerful looking landlady, and a pleaſant garden.

The next day's journey, Friday, the ſeventh of September, was the moſt fatiguing and diſagreeable of the whole. The country open, the roads execrably bad, the villages wretched, and apparently almoſt depopulated; the chateaus were deſerted, if not abſolutely ruined; the churches defaced, and the windows either wholly removed, or ſhattered to pieces; every croſs was thrown down, and every little ſaint diſlodged: in ſhort, the moſt uncontrouled and determined enmity to nobility, and to whatever was connected with religious worſhip, ſeemed to have raged in this deſolated neighbourhood. An old blind man with whom I converſed at

Cuſſy

Cuſſy les Forges, deplored the enormities that had been committed, and the conſequent miſery of the people; wiſhed he had been deaf as well as blind; and prayed fervently for peace, without ſpeaking of the preſent government. In ſome places between Maiſon Neuf and Lucy le Bois, the roads are barely paſſable, particularly at Rouvray. At Lucy le Bois we found a good inn, from which the landlord had retired during the troubles, and had only ventured back within the laſt three months.

There is great traffic on this road, being that which leads to Lyons; and we were often tormented by a long train of waggons, loaded with ſalt, drawn by mules, whoſe drivers never yield an inch of the road, for the accommodation of other travellers. In the inn-yard of Lucy le Bois, I was witneſs to a ſcene of excellent but horrible acting, ſtrongly expreſſive of the hardened irreligion which reigns at preſent among the mobility of France. A driver of one of theſe waggons was guiding his team into a proper ſituation; the poor horſes not perfectly comprehending

comprehending their brutal conductor's meaning, he beat them without pity; enraged into an orgaſm of theatrical fury, he looked up to the ſky, and with an out-ſtretched arm, in an attitude, and, in the moſt theatrical tones, invoked the thunder to deſcend, and ſtrike his horſes dead. The thunder not obeying his call, he changed his tragic tones and action, into thoſe of contempt, ſaying, *That he had been formerly taught to believe that God Almighty was an honeſt man, but he now perceived he was a mere j—n f—tre.*

At Vermanton, where we dined, the marks of ſacrilegious hands were to be ſeen in ſeveral ruined ſeminaries of monks; but the church was ſtill in uſe for public worſhip; the revolutionary fury having been principally exerciſed againſt the enſigns of nobility; not a coronet or coat of arms being undefaced. An inhabitant of the place bewailed moſt feelingly the poverty of the neighbourhood; ſaying, that though the harveſt had been plentiful their ſituation was nevertheleſs pitiable, for the vint-

age

age would produce very little; their hopes having been ruined by a killing froſt, that came when the vines where in flower: he added, that for ſix years paſt the vintage had failed. He ſpoke in a way as if he thought, that the ſky and the ſpirit of the times were directed by the ſame influence.

The whole of this part of the province is open, naked, and unpleaſing to the eye; for vineyards in Germany and France are by no means pictureſque objects to the lovers of fine ſcenery; yet the whole ſurface ſeemed in a ſtate of cultivation, though thin of inhabitants. The approach to Auxerre is comparatively beautiful, the ſituation of the town poſſitively ſo. Placed on the gently declining ſide of a hill, its magnificent ſpires, the windings of the river Yonne, its mills, its bridge and iſlands, together with the ci-devant biſhop's palace, form a really fine landſcape. Yet of all the places through which we paſſed, the interior view of Auxerre exhibited the moſt affecting marks of devaſtation and ruin. The cathedral is moſt cruelly defaced;

faced; other churches are pulling down; the Biſhop's palace converted into the Bureau de la Municipalité; the houſes have an air of gloom; the ſhops are almoſt empty; and very few people to be met with in the diſmal ſtreets and public walks; and thoſe to be ſeen, having an air ſo vulgar and ſo horrid, that one could not help ſuppoſing that the ſervants had lately murdered their maſters and taken their places. The gloomy or fierce mein of thoſe wandering about, had nothing very engaging to ſtrangers; ſo that Monſieur Geſſner and myſelf traverſed the ſtreets in ſilence, not daring to expreſs our ſentiments of what we ſaw in French, and fearing to be known for folks they might not like, by diſcourſing in Engliſh. A noble building, which had been a rich convent of monks, was partly converted into horſe-barracks, and partly hired out in lodgings. The public walks, which had been fine, were running to ruin; and ſeveral breaches were made in the city walls; it being part of the Jacobin creed to throw all open for the free egreſs and regreſs of my lords, the mob; of which we had ſeen proofs in every park or ariſ-

tocratic incloſure. The inn where we were lodged had magnificent remains of ſilk damaſk and gilding; but the one ſadly tarniſhed, and the other in dirty rags and tatters.

Leaving this melancholy ſpecimen of revolutionary reform, we continued our journey the next day with a degree of ſatisfaction, which was felt by the whole of our party. Even at our entrance into Champagne, I fancied things wore a gayer aſpect; and for the firſt time, ſince leaving Franche Compté, we heard the voice of jollity, from ſome young people in a little cart, who were cheering their hearts with a ſong.

At Joigny we thought the inhabitants ſeemed more comfortable and more devote. It was Sunday; and, in viewing the town, we perceived that there were two churches open for the celebration of maſs; which not being ſufficient to contain the religiouſly diſpoſed, numbers were attending in the ſtreets, liſtening with an appearance of great devotion and contentment. The

caſtle

caſtle is in a high ſituation, commanding an extenſive proſpect of the meanderings of the river through the flat country towards Sens, along whoſe banks lay the remainder of our day's journey. The day was remarkably fine, and as we approached the city, Sens ſeemed to have ſent out all its inhabitants to meet us. The high road for two miles was crowded like a fair; and various groups were to be ſeen repoſing under the trees, and in the adjacent meadows. The diſproportion between the males and females was ſo ſtriking, that we attempted numbering them to compute the difference; which turned out to be as five women to one man. We did not reckon children, and could diſcern that the majority of the males were above forty years of age. The city of Sens ſhewed very few ſigns of revolutionary devaſtation; and had an air of tranquillity that we had not before noticed in a French town. The cathedral, which is an admired gothic ſtructure, has ſuffered very little on the outſide; and within, the votaries of Reaſon and Liberty had been merciful, having only ſhewn their

malice againſt a few monumental badges of nobility, which were either defaced, or whitened over. The hour was ſix in the morning, and the good ſouls were flocking to matins. To different places within and without the church were affixed notices inviting the piouſly inclined to contribute towards the maintenance of the officiating clergy. The painting of the altars and chapels had ſuffered no injury; and an eſteemed piece of ſculpture, repreſenting the martyrdom of St. Stephen, remained in perfect preſervation. An aiſle was fitting and decorating for occaſional worſhip at the time, to be called *Petite Paroiſſe*.

From Sens we proceeded to Ville-neuve la Gujarre, where my dinner was ſomewhat diſturbed, by the report of a freſh commotion at Paris. This was farther confirmed at Montrou; but hearing at the ſame time that a body of troops were expected from the camp near Paris, deſtined to reinforce the army of Italy, I concluded the report of commotion to be groundleſs, otherwiſe the government would not ſend troops

troops from the ſeat of the diſturbance. Mrs. Douglas's mind was quieted by my reaſoning; yet I earneſtly deſired to have it juſtified by the arrival of the ſoldiers; as my aſſertion was more decided than my opinion. I was not a little puzzled on the ſafeſt meaſures to be purſued, ſhould the report of an inſurrection prove true and ſucceſsful againſt the exiſting government. As I travelled under its protection, our ſafety depended on its continuance: and as we were known to be on the road to Paris, had the plot been detected and quaſhed, while we Engliſh ſtrangers were diſcovered to have altered our route, we might have been ſuſpected as accomplices, who had endeavoured to ſneak off on its failure. Reſolving, therefore, to act on what ſeemed to me the ſureſt grounds, I determined to proceed towards Paris till I could form ſome clear judgment of the real ſtate of things there; and if I had found that the Jacobin party was likely to become ſuperior, I ſhould have directed my courſe by that road which leads to Calais through Champagne, without going by Paris; in the hope of profiting by my paſſport, before

any contrary orders ſhould be iſſued: this would have been an attempt of very doubtful ſucceſs, but worth the trial; as I am ſure Mrs. Douglas could never have been induced to enter a place in the power of terroriſts. This little town is pleaſantly ſituated near the junction of the rivers Yonne and Seine; but had it been a paradiſe I could have enjoyed no pleaſure in my then ſtate of mind; and the next day's journey by Melun, was, perhaps, one of the moſt anxious of my life. We met no troops on the road: yet by aſſuming a proper compoſure of countenance, my dear timid companion ſhewed no particular anxiety, though ſhe frequently enquired, Where were the ſoldiers? At Melun we were informed that the troops had taken another road; that an attempt on the camp at Grenelle had been defeated in its very beginning; and that Paris was in perfect ſecurity and tranquillity. We reſted that night at Villeneuve, four leagues from Paris, where we had it confirmed that all was quiet. I diſpatched my courier very early next morning to procure intelligence, and ſecure apartments, with orders

to

to meet us at the firſt barrier at eleven o'clock. When we arrived, he aſſured us every thing was in perfect ſecurity in the city; but that it was a day of domiciliary viſit, and our paſſports would be repeatedly examined, before we reached the Hotel de Philadelphie, where he had procured us apartments.

The ſentiment which occupied my mind on our entrance into Paris, was compounded of various ſenſations. Curioſity took the lead; horror and regret, from the recollection of paſt atrocities, ſucceeded; theſe were followed by ſome anxious doubts on our own account; which, together with the intereſting ſpeculation of what might ultimately be the reſult of the eventful tranſactions of which it had been the ſcene, took compleat poſſeſſion of my faculties, in traverſing the ſtreets through which we were obliged to paſs to our hotel. Mrs. Douglas's horror of Paris had been ſo very powerful before we left Switzerland, that ſhe had intreated I would never be out of her ſight, as every mo-

ment of abſence would be engroſſed by the remembrance of the ſavage acts which had been committed there, and the apprehenſion that I perhaps, at the inſtant, was the victim of popular diſlike and violence. Above all, ſhe had exacted a poſitive promiſe that I would avoid the ſuburb of St. Antoine, which we now paſſed without moleſtation or interruption of any ſort. The kind and hoſpitable reception which we had every where experienced in our journey, enabled her to paſs through this notorious ſuburb, with little terror, and even with a power of obſervation. The countenances of the filthy groups, which the buſtle of the domiciliary viſit had collected at every corner, were not likely to make very favourable impreſſions; yet as theſe ſhewed more appearance of fear than of malignity; and the ſtreets were protected by parties of municipal troops, there was nothing to diſturb our tranquillity; and the urbanity and polite attention of the officers, who, in different quarters, examined our paſſports as we moved along, had, by the time we

reached

reached our hotel, almoſt removed every apprehenſion of danger, even from the heart of my timid wife.

A viſit from our banker and ſome friends in the evening, compleated her cure, by their aſſuring her, in the ſtrongeſt terms, that Paris never was in more perfect ſecurity from commotion. In our progreſs to the hotel, we had paſſed the open place formerly occupied by the Baſtile; its ſituation now only to be known by the piles of ſtones which had made part of that dreaded fabric. In different quarters of the ſtreets of Paris, and in the ſquares, are ſtationed parties of infantry and cavalry, ready, on the leaſt alarm, to repair to the ſpot, and ſuppreſs the beginning miſchief. In the day time, excepting on that of domiciliary viſit, people paſs without examination; but after eleven at night, every paſſenger is required to ſhew the authority by which he is allowed to remain in the city. Tranquillized by our reception hitherto, and the aſſurances of our friends, Mrs. D. acquired ſufficient courage to enter into our plans,

plans, to ſee as much of what was curious and amuſing in Paris, as the ſhortneſs of our ſtay would permit.

The buſtling moments of a firſt arrival being over, I thought right to announce it to the miniſter, whoſe protection had been ſo uſeful to us thus far; deſiring, to have an opportunity to thank him in perſon—that however he declined in theſe civil terms:

" J'AI recu, Monſieur, votre lettre par
" laquelle vous m'informez de votre arrivée en
" cette ville, & me témoignez le deſir de vous
" preſenter chez moi. Je ſuis flatté de vous
" avoir procuré la facilité de traverſer la
" France, et je partage avec vous la ſatisfaction
" que vous en reſſentez; mais veuilléz ne pas
" vous déplacer pour m' en temoigner vos re-
" merciements. Il me ſuffit, Monſieur, d'avoir
" pu vous obliger.

" Salut et fraternité,

" C. D."

I was

I was a little diſturbed by his declining my viſit, though the refuſal was perfectly polite: for the late attempts to ſtir up commotion, by the Jacobin faction, and the ungracious terms on which the French government had been for ſome time paſt with England, rendered every Britiſh ſubject ſuſpected, and us ſuſpicious. The oblique and offenſive mode taken by our miniſtry to learn the ſentiments of the French government, through the channel of the Daniſh envoy, had placed us in a ſituation infinitely more delicate; and I was told that if our permiſſion had not been obtained, it would, if ſolicited at that moment, have been refuſed. Reſolved however to be at ſome certainty as to what we had further to wiſh, for the well-performance of what remained of our journey, I wrote again to Monſieur Delacroix, requeſting to have permiſſion to repoſe ſome days at Paris, to be furniſhed with relays of horſes for our journey to the coaſt, and to have leave to embark from Boulogne, ſhould the wind chance to be more favourable from thence than from Calais. Having done this, I felt myſelf more at eaſe; being informed

informed at the municipality of the ſection, that I was not required to preſent myſelf at the Mairie to obtain farther leave of reſidence, till after four days; ſo that, ſanctioned by the examination at the municipality, we were at liberty to diſpoſe of theſe four days as we pleaſed.

Our firſt viſit was to the Louvre, the Thuilleries, and the *place* of Louis XV. and Vendoſme; which, and the principal ſtreets of Paris, are now diſtinguiſhed by revolutionary names: though there ſeems a diſpoſition at preſent to call them by the old ones.

The garden of the Thuilleries is much improved in its appearance, by the magnificent orange and lemon trees, removed from the different royal and noble palaces, and arranged there in good taſte. At a houſe, where formerly the ſittings of the Notables were held, on one ſide of the garden, is the hall of the Aſſembly of Five Hundred; in the body of the palace is that of the Ancients. Over the centre is erected an improved telegraph. News have been conveyed

veyed by its means, they ſay, to and from Straſburgh, in five minutes; and the contents of a letter can be communicated in as ſhort a time as it could be copied. At the entrance from the Thuilleries into the *place* formerly of Louis XV, are to be ſeen ſtatues having an alluſion to Liberty and the Republic; but whatever had the moſt remote relation to nobility and royalty is demoliſhed, or removed. On a pedeſtal, which ſtill remains in the *place* Vendoſme, is a pompous inſcription to the memory of, I believe, Lepelletier, which means to expreſs, that he devoted himſelf for liberty, and for his country; and he is made to declare with his daying breath, " that he ſhall be content if his " blood ſerves to cement the bands, which " he hopes will ever attach the friends of free- " dom to each other." This is all very fine, but very falſe; ſince the only words uttered by that patriotic hero, after he was wounded, were thoſe of terror, and of prayer for a ſurgeon.

The facade of the Louvre is univerſally admired as a maſter-piece of elegance in architecture;

tecture; but the interior promiſes to be ſtill more intereſting. The immenſe gallery is deſtined to receive the ſpoils of the world, of whatever is excellent of painting and ſculpture; which the conquering French of our day pillage without ſhame or mercy, from the nations with whom they fraternize, or to whom they grant their ruinous friendſhip. They have ſtudied to imitate the Romans of ancient times, in their avaricious love of the fine arts, though with more knowledge of them; and though the wits have pleaſed themſelves with the appellation of Mummius Buonaparte, and the ſame principle may have influenced the modern general; he has been guided, however, by more taſte and more judgment in his pillage than the ancient. The gallery of the Louvre will certainly, in a ſhort time, be the moſt ſplendid repoſitory of ſtolen goods that has exiſted, ſince old Rome. It was ſhut to the public during our ſtay at Paris; but we obtained permiſſion to view it: and, in ſpite of the horror inſpired by the principle which was to fill it, we could not but admire the enlarged idea, which meant to adapt the nobleſt

room

room of our European world, to receive the choiceſt ſpecimens of art that were to be found in it. Yet it was with a degree of melancholy pleaſure, that I recognized the dumb but intereſting acquaintances I had formed ſome years ago in the Low Countries, torn from their ancient haunts by the hands of rapine, and obliged to diſplay their beauties in a foreign land. Many of the fineſt works of Rubens were there to be ſeen:—The Crucifixion of St. Peter with his head downwards, preſented by Rubens to the city of Cologne, his birth-place—The famous Deſcent from the Croſs is ſaid to be among the priſoners, but was not placed—The Boeuf and Shepherd of Paul Potter, which had long ornamented the Stadtholder's palace, and eſteemed the beſt picture of that maſter, was in the copying room; and many other highly valuable ſpecimens of celebrated painters, were piled in heaps till they could be arranged. But this ſpecies of war and robbery, excited by a love of the fine arts, ſhould be conſidered as a great improvement on the ſyſtem in vogue in the early part of the French revolution: when,

in

in the true ſpirit of barbariſm, every thing that bore the human form, of whatever materials compoſed, was doomed to deſtruction: even the ſtatue of Henry the IVth, which was almoſt worſhipped by the populace in the firſt revolutionary ſtage, was diſplaced and treated with ignominy in the ſecond. Yet ſome of more taſte and leſs fury, have contrived to preſerve, from the hands of our modern Goths, many monuments conſecrated in the churches to the memory of great men. The admired tomb of Cardinal Richlieu has found an aſylum in the convent of *Petits Peres*, at the expence of a finger or two, with many other ſtatues and buſts of eminent men; and another ci-devant monaſtery is filled with the ſpoil of many royal and noble houſes, in pictures, ſtatues, fine china, and magnificent furniture: among the reſt are all the noble articles of china, which formerly ornamented the Queen's apartment at Meudon. The different pieces are all numbered, and marked with the name of the perſon to whom they originally belonged; it is ſaid, with the intention that they may be reſtored to their families, ſhould

theſe be re-eſtabliſhed in their poſſeſſions or rights. Some have already been claimed, and delivered to their proper owners.

In the Louvre, it is not only intended to form a collection of the moſt valuable pieces in painting and ſculpture, but a ſchool of arts: and, on application to government, artiſts of name and talents are furniſhed with apartments there, and are penſioned; but unhappily their penſions have hitherto been paid in paper money, which being of little price, is but a ſorry proviſion. David, Sabley, and many others, are eſtabliſhed there. Sabley is an elegant and pleaſing painter of domeſtic ſcenes and landſcape; poſſeſſing, in a high degree, the knowledge of light and ſhadow, with the juſt application of which he produces much effect. David, though a monſter of a man, is a prince of painters—His picture of the Horatii receiving ſwords from their father, is of much merit; but what pleaſes me much more, is one in which he has painted the interior of the family of the elder Brutus, after he had commanded the execution of his ſon, for having en-

gaged in deſigns to reſtore the Tarquins. The agonizing ſorrow of the female part of the family is feelingly and juſtly repreſented, in an inner apartment; the father is ſtruggling to reſtrain his fulneſs of grief in the anti-chamber, the ſenſations of the parent having aſſumed their dominion, after the ſtern duties of the patriot were diſcharged; while through the half-ſhut door are ſeen the attendants bearing on their ſhoulders the headleſs trunk of the ſon. There is another picture ſketched out, which promiſes to be a noble ſpecimen of the painter's talent, on the ſubject of the combat between Romulus and Tatius, after the rape of the Sabine women.

In the court leading to the gallery are preſerved the four ſlaves in bronze, which were formerly chained to the pedeſtal of the ſtatue of Louis XIV. in the *place* Victoire; the ſtatue of the vain-glorious deſpot having been broken into a thouſand fragments. Againſt the memory of ſuch a deſolating tyrant, no mark of deteſtation is wonderful; but it is to be regretted that

barbarous enthuſiaſm was not capable to make diſtinctions in favour of the revered Henry IV. whoſe private and public virtues were forgotten in the contemplation of that regal band which encircled his head.

On the 17th of September, the laſt day of grace allowed to our paſſports without being confirmed by the police, I began to be uneaſy from having received no anſwer from the miniſter; the more ſo, that on preſenting ourſelves at the Mairie we were told, that we could not receive permiſſion from thence to remain in Paris, as we were immediately under the protection of the *miniſtre des relations exteriéures*. Fearing that my letter might have miſcarried by the negligence of my laquay, I determined to apply in perſon at his office; that I might know at once what I had to expect. Monſieur Garnier, a valuable acquaintance, had the goodneſs to accompany me, and we found an anſwer prepared, which had only been with-held to give us all the time to which we could be entitled; a kindneſs for which we were much in-

debted to the politeneſs of Monſieur *****, the general ſecretary.

The letter was expreſſed in the following terms:

Le Miniſtre des Relations Extérieures.

A Monſieur DOUGLAS.

" Je n'ai point, Monſieur, le pouvoir " d'ordonner qu'il vous ſoit fourni des chevaux " de relais ſur la route; vous n'avez d'ailleurs " point beſoin d'ordre. Quant à votre ſejour " dans cette ville, il peut etre de ſept à huit " jours: la ſituation de Madame Douglas re- " clame cette indulgence, et je m'eſtime heu- " reux d'etre encore dans cette circonſtance, " l'interprète des ſentiments qui animent le di- " rectoire éxécutif et dont il ne s'écarte jamais, " tant qu'ils s'accordent avec la ſureté de la " république. Il eſt à votre choix de vous em- " barquer à Calais ou à Boulogne, partout en- " fin, où les vents vous promettront une tra-

" verſée

" verſée heureuſe et courte. Le gouvernement
" vous laiſſe entierement libre du choix.

" Recevez, Monſieur, l'aſſurance de ma con-
" ſidération.

" Ch. Delacroix."

Nothing could be more gracious or more humanely polite than this anſwer; we were truly ſenſible of its value: and being placed quite at our eaſe by this aſſurance of ſafety, we continued to purſue the gratification of our curioſity with all poſſible induſtry and preſeverance.

The Pantheon, formerly a church dedicated to St. Genevieve, the tutelar ſaint of Paris, is indeed a noble building. The ſtile of architecture pleaſed me, without conſidering if I ought to be pleaſed; and I thought the bas-relievos well executed, and the inſcriptions judiciouſly ſelected and applied. Within, it appears to me ſo overcharged with architectural ornaments, as to deſtroy all idea of ſimplicity; and ſurely a building intended to do honour to the memory of the illuſtrious dead, ſhould be

nobly and elegantly ſimple; that the buſts and ſtatues of the wiſe and good may produce their full effect. The vault below this building, has been deſtined to receive the monuments, if not the aſhes of thoſe, who in their lives deſerved well of the public. Five have been already placed there, viz. of Voltaire, Rouſſeau, Mirabeau, Marat, and Lepelletier; but the three laſt have been diſcarded by the better ſenſe and recollection of the preſent government: and it is now decreed, that none, for the future, ſhall be admitted to that honour till their fame and character have ſtood the teſt of ten years. There is a fine idea expreſſed on the monument of Rouſſeau:—a door is repreſented as half open, out of which iſſues a hand holding a blazing torch; to indicate, that he enlightens the world, though in his tomb: unluckily the thought will appear forced or falſe to half that world; ſince there are many who conſider the merit of Rouſſeau, as a worthy, to be very equivocal; and that mankind would have gained, had his torch never blazed, or been early extinguiſhed. On examining French ideas critically,

cally, they are often found more brilliant than juſt.

We peeped into the church of St. Sulpice, which is near the Pantheon, and one of thoſe open by permiſſion for the performance of maſs. There are twelve ſo appropriated; the others are to be ſold, or are employed for the meaneſt purpoſes. For, as all the religions hitherto received in the world, are aboliſhed by the preſent ruling powers, twelve only are indulged to the *weak part* of the community; who, not chuſing as yet to truſt wholly to the guidance of *infallible reaſon*, and *unerring philoſophy*, ſeek for protection and conſolation from the God of their fathers. Yet, though the rulers ſcorn all forms of religion for themſelves, they begin to diſcover that ſomething of the ſort may be uſeful, to render their ſubjects more eaſily governed. The licenced churches are exceſſively crowded; a circumſtance which ſpeaks moſt forcibly the popular attachment to the Catholic faith: though the blind veneration for its departed ſaints and living miniſters, is wonderfully diminiſhed,

excepting among the few bigots that remain. It will be found convenient, in a little time, to ſubſtitute ſome form of worſhip, to replace that which had been ſo totally deſtroyed by the rage of the revolutionary anarchiſts. Their abhorrence of monarchy made them diſclaim even the government of one God, and to qualify creatures to adopt their monſtrous ſyſtem, and become the willing inſtruments of their atrocities, it was neceſſary to deprive men of all hope and fear beyond the preſent. The firſt wretches ſucceeded to a certain degree; but the paroxyſm was too violent to be of longer duration than the reign of anarchy. A religion is inſeparable from regular government: and the moment in which that of France began to aſſume a form, a religion was found neceſſary likewiſe. This began to appear by an acknowledgement of a Supreme Being, and of a future ſtate; a general toleration of the various ſects; and by the ſacrifice of a part of the national property, in the grant of twelve churches in Paris, for the celebration of the former eſtabliſhed worſhip. The preſent members of the

go-

government were all, I believe, conſenting to the abolition of religion, and have been too proud to retract, and confeſs themſelves guilty of what, even they, muſt think to be at leaſt a great political error. But the above conceſſions amount to a tacit acknowledgment; and their patronizing a deiſtical catechiſm for the uſe of their primary ſchools, is a proof that though religion is not thought neceſſary to making good directors, miniſters, or counſellors, it may be uſeful to form good ſubjects.

The French have ever been extremely ambitious to exalt themſelves into models for univerſal imitation. This vanity has always inclined them to vote themſelves into the firſt rank among nations. They have undoubtedly very ſtrong claims, and would be allowed a very eminent place, if they did not preſume to demand the firſt on all occaſions. With all this deſire to ſet themſelves up as objects of imitation, and leaders in diſcovery, they are in truth ſervile and poor copies on many occaſions. They have played Romans in their very worſt manner;

manner; and have been plagiariſts from the Engliſh, without avowing it. They have affected the Roman names, their inſolence of ſtile, their loftineſs of manner to crowned heads, and their inſulting benignity to inferior ſtates; and the French faternization is an humble imitation of the Roman pride, which aimed to render the rank of denizen of their ſtate, the moſt honourable of all diſtinctions. They have ſtolen from the Engliſh much of their form of government, their phraſes, their manners; often adopting what is moſt exceptionable, and ſtill affecting to condemn their modes, the better to conceal the theft. They pretend to under-rate in the Engliſh conſtitution, what they would be wiſe to follow; and change the name, without avowing the adoption of the thing. As to the nick-naming the months and days of the week, it is too puerile and ridiculous to be excuſed, excepting among boys and girls as a Chriſtmas play. With all the hatred they affect towards us, they do not refuſe the compliment of being put in compariſon with our nation in great characteriſtic points. I have heard it frequent-

ly

ly ſaid by Frenchmen, that the French and Engliſh nations were the two which approached neareſt in arts and arms, in every ſpecies of information, and in extent of knowledge. It is true, we are always rivals, and rivalry muſt imply equality, in many reſpects.

As we had not time to take a regular ſurvey of the churches and other public buildings of Paris, we were obliged to content ourſelves with a curſory view of thoſe moſt within our reach. We admired the church of St. Roque, which is for ſale: and regretted that an edifice of ſo much beauty ſhould be converted into a barrack or a granary; perhaps pulled down, to raiſe money by the ſale of the materials. Many other churches are in the ſame predicament; and if the *miſeccleſia* does not abate before the circumſtances of the country amend, there is reaſon to apprehend a ſcarcity in France of ſpecimens of church architecture. The Hoſpital of Invalids is preſerved for its original purpoſe; and ſo is the military ſchool. But of all the public edifices, the market for corn and meal is moſt to

my

my taſte: it is capacious, light, dry, well aired, and uſeful; and the form of the dome gives it a look of elegance.

The Aſſembly of Five Hundred is open to admiſſion by means of tickets; and has nothing to recommend it as a building, nor does it exhibit any thing very prepoſſeſſing in its appearance, when arranged for buſineſs. Indeed I never ſaw a more motley crew aſſembled together, whether you examine their dreſs, complexions, or phyſiognomies. Nothing can be imagined more ſhabby than the dreſs of the members in general; nothing more forbidding than the caſt of countenance; and for complexion, every ſhade, from the black African negroe, with woolly head, to the moſt pale-faced rogue of Europe, is to be found there. Not but that there are among them, ſome of engaging manners and expreſſion; men able and reſpectable: but to ſpeak in general, I never ſaw a more ill-favoured ſet. Certainly the firſt impreſſion is not that of veneration or reſpect: yet even the firſt view did not give the

idea

idea of a *comité revolutionaire;* ſuch as could engender or execute atrocities like what we have heard of, during the rule of the ſyſtem of terror. In the gallery where we were placed, we had a compleat view of the whole Aſſembly; of the preſident in his chair, of the orator in his roſtrum, and of the exits and entries of the buſy ſwarm: and we ſhould have heard likewiſe very diſtinctly, but from the inceſſant chatter of the copying clerks, who were ſeated juſt behind us; and from the hum and buz, and continual movement of the members below us. The orators were loud enough, but the noiſe, (our not being accuſtomed to the declamation in a ſtrange language, and the frequent tinkling of the preſident's bell,) produced altogether in our foreign ears ſuch a diſcord of harſh ſounds, as rendered our ſatisfaction very incomplete, as far as reſpected the matter in debate; which, however, was not very intereſting to us, being on buſineſs of a local nature. The ſpeakers were very loud, in the hope of being heard; and their geſticulations violent, but not graceful. From what I could comprehend, the moſt ve-

hement

hement had the worſt of the argument. The preſent hall being found inconvenient, the palace of Bourbon is fitting up for the reception of the Five Hundred in a ſtile of more than royal magnificence.

The Aſſembly of Ancients, which is held in the palace of the Thuilleries, gives you on entering a ſenſation very different from what was excited by a view of the Five Hundred. The order and arrangement of the hall, the decency of appearance of the members, the quiet which reigned through the whole, inſpired reſpect. We were introduced by Rabaut de Pommier, a man generally eſteemed; who had the goodneſs to explain to us whatever we deſired to know reſpecting the forms, and the different members, whoſe figures and countenances excited our curioſity. The preſident was at firſt occupied in arranging and ſigning various papers; and when he opened the ſitting, it was done by putting his three-coloured ſaſh acroſs his ſhoulders, and his hat on his head. The officers of the Aſſembly wear their ſaſhes round the waiſt; the members

bers, who mean to take any active part in the meeting, who are to make any report, or ſpeak to the points which are to come before the Aſſembly, wear their ſaſhes like the preſident, and mount a deſk immediately before his chair. The ſaſh is portable, ſo as to go into the pocket; and ſhould a member be urged by an impulſe to ſpeak, he can eaſily creep into his ſcarf, and indulge his propenſity; but it is not permitted to perſons to harangue in their place, or without this badge. There was a very intereſting report made from a committee, the day of our viſit, which was confirmed by the Aſſembly; viz. a reſolution to pay a quarter's intereſt *en numeraire*, to the public creditors. This was a buſineſs of general concern throughout Europe; and much to the contentment of two Swiſs in our company, who were eſſentially intereſted. Have they the power to carry this into execution, or to continue it? I ſhould think not; and it may be merely a falſe light held out for political purpoſes.

The

The Directoire, or executive government, is eſtabliſhed in the Luxembourg; where the councils are held, and where its members reſide. There is a hall of audience open every day at noon to all the world, at which a member of the Directory attends in his robes, to receive petitions, to hear complaints, or whatever relates to the intereſt of the ſtate, or of individuals. In this palace each member of the Directoire has a ſeparate, a ſtately, and expenſive eſtabliſhment; amounting, as I have been informed, to forty thouſand louis-dors *per annum* for each. To render this reſidence more commodious, more magnificent, and more worthy of this ſovereign, great repairs are in contemplation, and immenſe quantities of ſtones and other materials for buildings are amaſſed: but the work is at preſent ſuſpended; as the money is wanted for more preſſing occaſions.

I ſhould have been pleaſed to have been preſent at an audience, could I have found an hour, to have witneſſed the ſtrange exhibition

of

of proud humility: where a ſovereign, lofty as any Aſiatic, is content to lower himſelf to familiarity with his co-citoyens with affected condeſcenſion; and ſeems to ſink to their level for one hour in the day, the more ſurely to play the deſpot during the remaining twenty-three. For nothing is more certain than that, though the five heads of this modern hydra ſeem wrapped in a cap of liberty, it is but a maſk to conceal the horrid viſage of a deſpotiſm as abſolute as that of the Grand Turk, or of any tyrant, ancient or modern. The French nation is not yet arrived at the point of temper to be really free. Long habituated to the uncontrouled ſway of a deſpot and his minions, the people, juſt unyoked from a heavy ſtate coach, would be too wild and too wanton to draw quietly and ſafely the light machine of a free government, if not reſtrained and awed by reins and whips, not totally unlike thoſe to which they have been accuſtomed. This was evident from their unruly behaviour in the firſt moments of emancipa-

tion; and their demagogues were obliged to eſtabliſh a ſyſtem of terror. That has been exchanged for what, from compariſon, is denominated Moderatiſm; but, in fact, is tyranny under another form, which the preſent government endeavour to conceal by little ſacrifices and conceſſions. The people fancy themſelves free, becauſe they have the liberty to ſpeak and write with impunity, and with all poſſible licentiouſneſs, of their magiſtrates and neighbours. If the preſent ſyſtem is examined, it will turn out to be decidedly military. Its trials are military, its executions military, and its police military: and perhaps the preſent oſtenſible government is likewiſe itſelf under military controul, and obliged to regulate its operations by what will pleaſe the armies employed at a diſtance.

I was much pleaſed to have an opportunity to ſee the grand feſtival of the new year (on the 22d of September by our ſtile,) which was to be celebrated with great pomp, and at a great expence. It was the commencement of the

fifth

fifth year of the *republique une et indiviſible*; and proceſſions, races, and illuminations were to be exhibited for the amuſement of the public.

Nothing can be better calculated for a grand ſhow than the *Champ de Mars*, being of great extent; of which one ſide is occupied by the military ſchool, and deſtined for the reception of the Directory, &c. before the commencement of the proceſſion. A ſpacious portion of this Field of Mars is ſurrounded by an earthen mound; in the centre is a mount raiſed above the level of the area; and in the middle of that, another ſmaller and more elevated ſtill, in the centre of which is placed a Coloſſal ſtatue of Liberty, with its attributes. In front of the pedeſtal, facing the military ſchool, was erected a throne for the accommodation of the members of the Directoire, and the remainder was filled up with chairs and benches to be occupied by the miniſters of ſtate, diplomatic corps, and what they call *pouvoirs conſtitués*; reſerving a place for a band of muſic. The outer mound, from its extent and form, could afford

place for many thouſand ſpectators, to view whatever games were to be exhibited in the area comprehended between that and the mound: to preſerve which free from annoyance, by the encroachment of the mob, poſts were placed at certain diſtances, joined by a cord, guarded by centinels; and a moving party of cavalry put all ſtragglers to the rout. Between the military ſchool and the Goddeſs of Liberty was raiſed an arch repreſenting a ſection of the zodiac, with the ſign Libra balanced over the centre.

The Directory, and members of government, having been previouſly marſhalled in the hall of the military ſchool, the proceſſion began a little before ſix o'clock, by the four ſeaſons of the year, repreſented by large waggons drawn by eight horſes; on the outſide were painted the characteriſtic ſymbols, and within were muſicians, and the cars ſuitably attended by mowers, reapers, grape-gatherers, &c.; the whole preceded and cloſed by troops of infantry and cavalry. Theſe having made the circuit of the field, the march of magiſtracy began, with an excellent

excellent band of muſic in front; the five members of the Directory followed, and then the miniſters of the different departments of the ſtate, properly guarded and attended. It was calculated that the Directory ſhould paſs under the zodaical arch at the point of time when the ſun entered the ſign Libra; and intended, that a crown ſuſpended on the arch ſhould fall whenever this repreſentative body, by paſſing under the balance, had given leave to the fifth year of the republic to commence. But the emblem of royalty proved refractory, and would not ſtoop to the bonnet rouge of the republic *one and indiviſible*, but kept its ſtation on high, deranged indeed, but not abſolutely diſplaced. The proceſſion marched on towards the mount, where the Directory occupying the place of diſtinction, the miniſters and municipal officers arranging themſelves in due order, and the muſical band taking poſſeſſion of a little orcheſtra on the right, the preſident *pro tempore* made an oration, which I was not able to hear diſtinctly; but I could diſcover to be an eulogy of the republic, announcing their atchievements and victories. The

ſpeaker, which, I believe, was Reubel, having finiſhed, the gentry round the ſtatue attempted to excite ſome plaudits, but theſe were too feeble to electrize even the company on the firſt mount, much leſs to affect the great maſs of people on the mound; which preſerved a moſt chilling ſilence, with the ſame *ſang froid*, the ſame mortifying indifference, as if the ſpeech had been in praiſe of the Roman or Spartan republics. Indeed we were aſſured that the bulk of the Pariſians are ſurfeited with theſe unmeaning and expenſive conceits; they affect a contempt of them, and ſpeak their diſapprobation of money being ſo idly ſquandered in times of diſtreſs and want. One of the ſpectators expreſſing his regret at the bad weather, and want of ſunſhine to enliven the ſhew, was anſwered by his neighbour, "The ſun has ceaſed to ſhine on "us, it now only ſhines in London."

After the ſpeech a hymn was ſung with accompaniments, and applauded by thoſe who were within hearing. The proceſſion being returned to the military ſchool, the races began;

in

in which there was nothing very wonderful; the horſe race very inferior to thoſe in England; that of the chariots poor, compared to thoſe of Florence on St. John's day. The Florentine were drawn by four horſes a-breaſt, richly capariſoned, and the chariots finely gilded and painted; the French but little ornamented, and with two ſteeds of no great ſhow. By the time the games were finiſhed, the day began to cloſe, and the lamps of illumination were lighted; theſe were diſpoſed with great taſte and effect, upon the front of the fine building, along the avenues of trees, and in a magnificent circle of ſtars ſurrounding the Field of Mars; and ſhewed moſt beautifully and ſtrikingly brilliant from the oppoſite ſide of the river, where I afterwards joined Mrs. D. to have a fuller view of the fire-works, which finiſhed the ſpectacle; but were neither in great variety or beauty. One of the circumſtances of this fête, which gratified me the moſt, was its procuring me a ſhort converſation with Madame Tallien, who was known to my companion Monſieur Levade of Lauſanne. Her figure, though in a riding-dreſs,

was elegant, her countenance intereſting, and her manners eaſy and agreeable. She is much and deſervedly admired, not ſo much for accompliſhments (though poſſeſſed of many) as for virtues. This may ſound ſtrange in the ears of the rigidly virtuous, who have only heard of her connexion with Tallien; but with thoſe who have known her better, ſhe is admired for thoſe qualities of mind and temper, which could ſoften and ſubdue that tiger's heart; and is beloved for that benevolence and charity, which was ſo powerfully exerted in the cauſe of ſuffering humanity; which has made her the amiable inſtrument to ſave hundreds of the perſecuted from the hands of the executioners, and the miſeries of cruel impriſonment. Under the ferocious tyranny of the daſtardly unfeeling Robeſpiere, ſhe was herſelf the object of his baſe fears and unmanly perſecution. She was immured in a damp and loathſome dungeon, chained to the ground, ancle deep in water, till her delicate limbs were galled to the bone by the irons with which they were loaded. She would ſoon have ſunk under this treatment, or have ſuffered on a

ſcaffold;

ſcaffold; but having found means to advertiſe her lover of her perilous ſituation, his fears on her account, is ſaid to have haſtened the cataſtrophe of that ſanguinary monſter.

There are two characters that figured in the French revolution, of a caſt that has rarely occurred; and were juſtly held in general abhorrence, even in the zenith of their power and influence. No one will heſitate to ſay, that I muſt mean Orleans and Robeſpierre. Yet I ought to deprecate the anger of the manes of Robeſpierre in having diſgraced his name, by joining it with that of the ignoble Egalité; who is certainly of all the worthleſs of our age, *facile princeps*. He was formed ſo fortunately without one good quality, and ſo eminently endowed with every one bad, that one vice ſometimes acted as antidote to another, and thus both were rendered almoſt harmleſs. Had a few good qualities been mingled in his compoſition with the bad, his ſphere of miſchief would have been much enlarged; but his cowardice, his perfidy, and his avarice ſerved as counterpoiſons

to

to his cruelty, his family influence, and that power which he might have derived from his immenſe riches. Robeſpierre was more conſiſtent and leſs hypocritical; he avowed his great atrocious plans with bold aſſurance, and purſued them with the moſt uniform and ſhameleſs waſte of human blood. He did not meanly condeſcend to affect popularity, but depended on his ſyſtem of terror to eſtabliſh his reſiſtleſs power.

Avarice was ſo predominant in the character of Orleans, that he debaſed the dignity and grandeur of his family-manſion, to add a few thouſands to a revenue already princely; and the gardens of the Palais Royal were converted into ſhops, taverns, playhouſes, and brothels. This converſion of property from luxury to gain, might have aſſumed in another the merit of patriotiſm and improvement; but in him it would bear no better interpretation, than that of increaſing his power of doing miſchief, by twenty-five thouſand louis-dors per ann. The plans however have been well executed; in the

arcades,

arcades, which run round, are moſt elegant ſhops, and a diſplay of a variety of coſtly and uſeful articles: part of the unoccupied ſpace is laid out as a public walk, and in the centre a handſome building half under ground, fitted for an occaſional concert-room, is called the Lyceum, and is at preſent the place of meeting of a thriving ſociety of arts. Within the precincts of theſe ci-devant gardens, there are two or three theatres; and the ſpace before the back entrance is now occupied by the hawkers of aſſignats and mandats; and by another ſet of *agioteurs* called pick-pockets. Paper money having loſt its currency, that part of the buſineſs has dwindled prodigiouſly; yet as government ſtill buys it up to anſwer ſome of its own purpoſes, jobbing is not totally extinct. During our ſtay at Paris, we ſaw no circulation of paper money; and in the ſhops every thing was exorbitantly dear, though paid in hard caſh. The Palais Royal was ſo near our hotel, that it was our daily walk; and we frequently regaled ourſelves with ice and refreſhments at the coffee-houſes, which were there in great number.

One

One of our ſpare mornings was agreeably paſſed at a meeting at the ſociety of arts in the Lyceum; of that entertainment Mrs. D. has written ſo particular an account that I ſhall not meddle with it, as her Journal will generally accompany this.

Having the wiſh to ſee the preſent French in their amuſements, we viſited the theatres in the evening, as often as the fatigue of the day would permit us. That of the Ruè Feydeau is the moſt elegant, the moſt frequented, and deſerves to be ſo; as the pieces are ſelected with judgment, and played with ſuperior ſpirit and talents. The muſic is nothing very enchanting; though that of the opera of Telemachus is not bad; the voices are tolerable, and the decorations ſhowy. I was particularly pleaſed with the acting of Madamoiſelle Comptà in the comedy of the *Femme Jalouſe*.

The ballets of Paris are in general ſuperior to every other exhibition; and that of Cupid and Pſyche, at the French opera, was certainly moſt

moſt excellent, for the dancing, dreſſes and machinery. The opera of Dido wretchedly tedious, as operas generally are.

We ſacrificed an evening to the theatre of the Cité, to ſee a lively repreſentation of the ridiculous, though cruel forms practiſed during the revolutionary period. It is ſituated oppoſite to the public building named Le Palais, which was the cradle of Robeſpierre's bloody tranſactions; and, as being near the ſource of theſe enormities, has been pitched upon for the repreſentation of Les Ariſtides Modernes. This piece is ſaid to be a faithful picture of a *comité revolutionaire*, without being over-charged; that the ſcenes are copies of what really happened; of the nefarious ſchemes, brutal manners, filthy dreſs, and coarſe language, even to the very words, of the notorious terroriſts. The ſcene is laid in Burgundy, where the reign of terror had been moſt ſeverely felt; and ſerved to explain the cauſe of the depreſſed and ſuſpicious air which we obſerved ſo particularly to prevail in

that

that province. The audience was vulgar in dreſs and manners; but their plaudits were unbounded on every part that expoſed the villainy of that execrable junto of monſters. The government is ſuppoſed to encourage the repreſentation of this, and of other pieces having a ſimilar tendency; wiſhing very wiſely to preſerve a remembrance of the ſtriking contraſt of the ſyſtems of terror and moderatiſm. Yet the ſpectacle, to us, inſpired more of diſguſt than ſatisfaction. The wretches repreſented on the ſtage, and the figures on the benches, ſeemed ſo near a-kin, that, with very little help of the imagination, we could have conceived the ſcene real; and that the ſpectators were perſonally applauding the original tranſaction, rather than diſapproving it in the repreſentation. In ſhort, the whole exhibited a picture ſo horrid as to make us ſhudder, and feel happy when we had eſcaped from the theatre, the audience, and the neighbourhood. The courts of juſtice ſtill continue to be held in the Palais, and are open to every one. I wiſhed much to have ſeen the

forms

forms of trial; but it was holiday, and my time ſo ſhort, that I could not find another day to ſatisfy my curioſity.

There is one point on which it would be unjuſt not to praiſe a Paris audience; the profound attention and ſilence which is obſerved while the actors are on the ſtage. The people applaud with great propriety and diſcernment; and never begin to clap till the admired ſentence or ſpeech is finiſhed. We ſaw nothing of that exuberant gaiety, which has been ſaid to mark the French character. In the theatres, the people ſeemed rather grave than joyous; in the public walks and ſtreets, rather melancholy than chearful. The commonalty of Paris, whom we ſaw in crowds among the woods and jetteaux of St. Cloud, had neither vivacity in their countenances nor briſkneſs in their movements. If they came there in ſearch of pleaſure, they had the air of having been diſappointed; and we were no leſs ſo, in our expectation of ſcenes of jollity. We looked to find, with groups of French people, mirth almoſt amounting to folly, with

with all its accompaniments of talking, ſinging, dancing, and laughing. But, on the contrary, I never ſaw in any country a holiday more ſolemn. Numbers of little carts had left Paris loaded with paſſengers; the evening was uncommonly fine, the moon in full luſtre, and the gardens crowded. On our return, we paſſed on the road not fewer than two hundred of theſe vehicles full of people; the great proportion was of women; yet the ſound of feſtivity was not heard from any of theſe different parties. This long train had more the air of a proceſſion juſt iſſued from the cave of Trophonius, than that of carriages filled with Pariſians on a party of pleaſure: they ſeemed not merely deficient in mirth, but in converſation; as we could hardly diſtinguiſh that a word came from any of of the groups, though we liſtened with the moſt watchful attention.—Does the form of the government new-model the character of the individual? Is the road that conducts to liberty ſo painful as to convert gaiety into gloom? Is it the remembrance of paſt miſeries, joined to remaining fears of the future, that has turned

mirth

mirth into melancholy with the people of France? Does a democratic government, by rendering a whole nation politicians, impoſe a maſk of ſolemnity on countenances that originally wore an air of careleſs and happy contentment? Has the revolution, then, changed the character of this people, or has it only unmaſked them?

I ſhould conclude from what I have been able to obſerve, that the population of Paris muſt be conſiderably deminiſhed. It is only at the Mairie, and the municipalities where crowds are to be ſeen. The ſtreets are narrower than thoſe of London, and the number of carriages very few: almoſt all the inhabitants are foot-paſſengers; yet the appearance of crowds, even in the moſt frequented quarters of Paris, is certainly infinitely below what is to be ſeen in almoſt any part of the Engliſh capital. At the Mairie, &c. the numbers collected can be no proof of population; ſince the neceſſity impoſed on every one to have a ſigned permiſſion

to be in Paris, brings numbers every hour to have paſſports granted, examined, or renewed. The reign of terror is paſt, but that of conſtraint remains; and the frequent attempts of the Jacobins to excite diſturbances, render every ſort of precaution prudent and neceſſary.

The Pariſians, in all their latter decorations of their ſtreets and ſhops, have adopted, perhaps, without being ſenſible of it, the Engliſh mode of making an elegant diſplay of the articles of their trade. The arcades of the Palais Royal, and ſome other ſtreets, are exactly in the London ſtyle; and make a handſome appearance.

It is but a few months ſince carriages were allowed to paſs and repaſs in the ſtreets of Paris. The democratic ſpirit of equality, could not brook the ſmalleſt marks of ſuperiority, and would have every one on a level. All were obliged to have an exterior equally ſhabby; all required

required to ſubmit to being beſpattered with the mud of the ſtreets, and wet by the rain from the ſkies. Even the endeavour to ſhelter yourſelf under an umbrella was offenſive to the populace; and ſuch a thing was neither to be ſeen in the ſtreets, or found in the ſhops; as I experienced when, deſirous to purchaſe one for the convenience of our journey, I ſearched all Paris in vain. But things are now on the change; and the number of carriages increaſes daily. Six months before our arrival the number did not amount to two hundred of all deſcriptions; at preſent they are reckoned fifteen or eighteen hundred. Many were neat, ſome quite elegant. A few months ago, a coat of arms on a coach would have endangered the life of the perſon within; even a plain cypher would have expoſed the occupier to brutal inſult: but pride is now reſuming faſt its flattering diſtinctions; is arrived at a mantling, and no doubt the armorial bearings will ſoon follow. The longeſt ſtrides towards parade and pomp are made by thoſe whom the freaks of

fortune have in this ſcramble raiſed to a ſituation which in quiet times could ſeldom happen. In the overthrow of the ancient orders and diſtinctions of ſociety, which has taken place to ſuch extent in France, the degraded nobility have been inſultingly denominated *ci-devants*; and the ambulatory wits have humorouſly nick-named *ci-derrieres*, thoſe of the canaile who have been tranſplanted from the outſide to the inſide of a coach.

The convents and churches, and the palaces of the antient nobleſſe, who have been murdered, or who have fled, have all been ſeized by the nation; are marked with the words, *proprieté nationale*; and to be ſold when purchaſers can be found with courage to open their concealed hoards. It was with regret that I eat ſome ice in the magnificent Hotel de Richlieu, now metamorphoſed into a coffee-houſe; and paid for it at the rail which formerly incloſed the ſtate bed, now uſed as the bar. I knew the duke in Germany; he is of the flower of the emi-

grants.

grants. At an entertainment given at Vienna by the Ruſſian ambaſſador, this amiable man invited me to the ſide-board to drink a glaſs of claret, the growth of his eſtate; " which," he ſaid, with a ſigh, " was the laſt he had been able to " preſent to his friends; and perhaps his power " to beſtow was gone for ever." Little as I approve the deſertion of the nobility of France, at a moment when every man ought to have remained in his place, there are many whom I can pity, ſome whom I can excuſe. But ſurely at ſuch a time, when ſo important a concern was at iſſue, when ſo great a ſtake was to be played for, as rights and privileges, rank and property, and antient eſtabliſhments of law and religion, it was every man's duty to watch over and guard thoſe ſacred depoſits in perſon. The abuſes which had ariſen called for correction, and the neceſſary reform, which by the firmneſs of good and powerful men might have been effected, degenerated into revolution in its ugliſt forms, by their flight. Every individual, however inconſiderable, is the centre of a circle,

over which he poſſeſſes ſome influence; and in times of public commotion and danger, that is the poſition he ſhould occupy. Beyond the circumference of his own ſphere, he is neither able to judge truly, nor act effectually; and nothing can excuſe a man for quitting his poſt, even in the extremeſt danger, but a conviction that his ſtruggles would be uſeleſs, and his life loſt by remaining at home.

Among other curioſities of Paris, we were carried to ſee a ſmall houſe near the Boulevards, a perfect model of elegant magnificence. It is indeed a jewel, and had been built and finiſhed for an idolized opera-girl, with all that art, encouraged by money, could execute, of rich and excellent in painting, ſculpture, inlaying, and gilding; in mirrors, hangings, carpets, and other furniture, diſpoſed with taſte, and rendered ſubſervient to all the purpoſes of Cyprian voluptuouſneſs. Though in a great town, this fairy palace has all the comforts of tranquillity and retirement: it is placed in a garden into

which

which the windows of the principal apartments look; and tho' ſmall, is ſo taſtily diſpoſed, as to mingle the beauties from without with thoſe of the elegancies within. The principal bed-chambers are on the ſame floor with the ſaloons; and the ſtate bed is entirely lined, and canopied with mirrors, which reflect around the repoſing Sybarite, the flowers and ſhrubs of the garden, and who muſt ſeem to lie in a delicious arbour. The bathing room is diſpoſed and ornamented in great taſte; the light is admitted to glimmer through windows of painted glaſs; a gallery runs round the apartment at a proper height, arranged for muſic, to heighten the luxury of the bath; and at one end, in an obſcure receſs, is a ſofa, conſtructed with all the voluptuous elegance and eaſe that the moſt refined ſenſualiſt could wiſh. Even the baſeſt natural wants are here adminiſtered to with a ſtudied diſplay of magnificence. A water-cloſet has been fitted by an artiſt brought expreſsly for that purpoſe from London: the lining of the room ſilk, the wooden part of the moſt beautiful mahogany

highly poliſhed; and the moveable apparatus of the fineſt porcelain; two bell-ropes of ſilk, with gold taſſels depending, at each end: the whole as if calculated to give to the calls of neceſſity the air and idea of an enjoyment. This unhappy votary of pleaſure had nearly fallen a victim to her diſplay of luxury and wealth; and was happy to diſpoſe of her enchanting manſion at a very inferior price, that ſhe might be able to withdraw her neck from the guillotine with more facility.

Being extremely deſirous to ſee the cabinet of natural hiſtory, which had been in a great meaſure formed by the celebrated Buffon, I obtained an order for that purpoſe, on a day not open to the public, and a permiſſion to ſee ſome articles from the Stadtholder's cabinet, which had never yet been expoſed to view. The original collection is noble; conſiſting of numerous and excellent ſpecimens; but was too extenſive to be examined ſatisfactorily in the ſmall portion of time which I could beſtow; and that of the

the Prince of Orange, now to be added, will render the French Muſeum of natural hiſtory ſuperior to any thing of the kind in Europe. The pillage of the Stadtholder is rich in beaſts, birds, ſerpents, butterflies, and other inſects, productions of both the Indies. In ſix months the whole will be arranged, and will then be a noble feaſt to all lovers of natural hiſtory. The botanical garden is very conſiderable; with a variety of exotics and Alpine plants: yet the green and hot-houſes are certainly inferior to thoſe of Shoenbrunn, near Vienna.

The preſent government has taken all theſe inſtitutions into its own immediate protection, and meditates many valuable improvements in the various branches of ſcience. For it muſt be confeſſed for the honour of the preſent rulers, that, amidſt all the diſorder and occupation of foreign war and internal commotion, they have not been unmindful of the arts of peace. Their ideas are enlarged, and their projects great; and the well-informed and worthy

thy men begin to venture forward. Should peace be eſtabliſhed, and ſuch allowed to act, France will quickly become rich, flouriſhing, and powerful; and Paris among the firſt of cities for uſeful ſcience, and for elegant arts. I ſay nothing of the means by which ſuch ſuperiority will be acquired: theſe, perhaps, will not be eaſily defended, on principles of honour and juſtice. But as the ſole aim of the preſent government ſeems to be the aggrandizement of France, in every way, without any ſcruples reſpecting the mode; ſhould ſucceſs continue to favour their arms, whatever is beſt in painting ſculpture, and the fine arts, will be carried in triumph to their boaſted capital; which will conſequently become in future the reſort of the learned and curious, as it has heretofore been of the diſſipated, idle, and gay.

It is ſaid that luxury is daily gaining ground, particularly among thoſe who have fattened by the ſpoil of others, or by the public neceſſities. Among the females, dreſs aſſumes a more gaudy diſplay;

diſplay; and even the men venture to be clean and decent in their apparel. The robes of office eſtabliſhed for the Directory, miniſters, and other members of the ſtate, was ſounding the tocſin to lovers of gay clothing, and muſt ſoon have the force of an anti-ſumptuary law. It has already begun to deſtroy the mean uniformity in dreſs, which characterized the revolutionary ſyſtem; and faſhion will reſume its empire, before the nation can determine the political form of its government. Gaming has not loſt its ſway in Paris; as within view of our hotel, the worſhippers of Faro and Biribi performed their nightly orgies with great regularity and devotion; the prieſteſs furniſhing a gratuitous ſupper at midnight.

Willing to act within the limits of the indulgence, ſo politely granted by the Directory, we left Paris on Saturday, the twenty-fourth of September. While we ſtopped to change horſes

ſes at Chantilly, we took a curſory view of the Park, and of the ruins of the once magnificent ſtables: and though highly ſenſible of the ineſtimable bleſſing of liberty, I could not but grieve, that it had in France been contended for with ſo much of animoſity and cruelty, and with ſuch extenſively deſtructive violence. I talked with an Engliſh artiſan at Chantilly, who was attached to a manufactory of wool cards. He informed me that the number employed along with him, were between forty and fifty; and that there was likewiſe eſtabliſhed there a linen manufactory chiefly carried on by Engliſh workmen.

We ſlept that night at Clermont, an indifferent inn: but which the owners promiſe ſhall be better, ſhould tranquillity be reſtored to France, and peace made with England. Their card is curious in its kind. It is in Engliſh and French. The Engliſh is as follows;

" Chretien

" Chretien, ſon-in-law of Mr. Caron deceaſed,
" Has got the victualling-houſe of the Royal
" Swan to Clermont, in Beauvoiſis: he
" lodges Princes, Ambaſſadors, and others
" of all diſtinction. Therein are alſo
" coach-houſes for the carriages, and ſta-
" bles for Engliſh horſes; and all in the
" beſt manner,
" To Clermont."

Our ſecond day's journey was extremely diſagreeable from violent rain, which had much injured the roads: yet we reached Amiens early in the day, and were comfortably entertained at the poſt-houſe. Paſſing through Abbeville the next day, where we only ſtopped to change horſes, we arrived in time to dine at Montreuil, where we found very tolerable accommodations at the * * * (I have forgot the ſign.) The next day we reached Boulogne, at noon, September the twenty-ſeventh, and hailed with

with infinite ſatisfaction, the cleanly comforts of an Engliſh inn upon the quay.

Little occurred worthy notice on our journey from Paris to Boulogne. We did not hurry, but were very well ſerved by the poſt. The ſtages are very ſhort, and do not give a courier time to arrive many minutes before his maſter; yet we invariably found the horſes harneſſed, and waiting our arrival in the public road; conſequently we might have made the journey in half the time, had we been ſo diſpoſed. The country we paſſed through, ſeems fertile, and well cultivated, though we ſaw very few people in the fields; but being bare of trees, and almoſt without incloſures, affords nothing either pictureſque or pleaſant to the eye of the traveller. The affecting marks of revolutionary ravage were not ſo viſible on this ſide of Paris; yet the number of churches are every where reduced. At Montreuil they are diminiſhed from ſeven to two; and always, I believe, with the approbation of the majority. Our intelligent

gent hoſteſs aſſured us that two were ſufficient for Montreuil.

From Morey in Franche Compté to Boulogne ſur Mer, the general wiſh was for peace. I am confident that were it to be determined by plurality of voices, not one in a thouſand would be found hoſtile. How far the Directoire may find itſelf ſufficiently firm to riſk a meaſure which would diſband the numerous armies of France; how theſe armies might be inclined to quit a life of licentious plunder, for days of labour, and needful induſtry; how the chiefs of theſe bands might be diſpoſed to deſcend to the level of common citizens, are points which can only be known by the event. A peace will undoubtedly be an intricate buſineſs, and very difficult to ſettle. There are ſo many and ſo various intereſts to arrange, at home and abroad, both reſpecting foreign powers, and the change of property, as will oppoſe a thouſand obſtacles to any negociation; and which nothing leſs than imperious neceſſity will be able

able to ſurmount. The French government will be haughty and inſolent; the Engliſh not much more humble; and our ally, the Emperor, may perhaps expect more conceſſions in his favour, than he can reaſonably demand from the preſent ſtate of his affairs. The Directory will be puzzled what to do to find employment for thouſands that muſt return home; and will fear to furniſh cauſe of diſturbance to the two factions of monarchy and terror, which are equally on the watch to annoy it; and avail themſelves of every occaſion to vilify and embarraſs the preſent rulers. The Royaliſts and Jacobins are known to agree perfectly in hatred to the actual government; but that is, perhaps, the ſole point in which they do accord: and the executive power endeavours to play off one againſt the other, to produce a counterpoiſe. Indeed it is ſaid openly, that the treatment ſhewn to the Jacobins in the laſt plots, owed much of its lenity to this principle. Fame aſcribes to ſome of the members in power, a ſtrong bias to favour the doctrines of their former aſſociates in the ſyſtem of terror;

terror; of which ſyſtem ſome of the leaven is ſaid to ferment even in the Directory itſelf: nor do the people of Paris ſcruple to name Barras as being tinctured with the ſpirit of Jacobiniſm.

The report of an invaſion of England, which had been propagated for ſome time with much induſtry, ſeemed to me, from all I could diſcern, to be ſomewhat apocryphal. The general permiſſion granted to us by the Directory to embark from whatever part of their coaſt beſt ſuited our purpoſe, argued no apprehenſions of having plans diſcovered that they wiſhed to conceal; and we ſaw no appearance of troops, or veſſels to tranſport troops acroſs the ſea, in the harbour of Boulogne. On the journey from Paris to the ſea-ſide, we ſaw but one body of ſoldiers on the march, which was moving in a direction from the coaſt towards the interior parts of the country; and the camp at Dunkirk was too inconſiderable to furniſh any real ground of alarm, being thought ſcarcely of force ſufficient

to protect the neighbourhood from the inſults of our numerous armed veſſels employed on the ſtation. I don't advance theſe circumſtances as proofs, but merely as preſumptions againſt any intention to invade us from that part of the coaſt. Perhaps their menaces and our fears were equally pretended; and I conjectured the report might be employed politically on each ſide of the water, to anſwer temporary purpoſes.

On our arrival at Boulogne, we were much elated to find there an Engliſh packet, that had brought diſpatches to the French government, and would be ready to ſail the next day for Dover. We were happy to view this as the dawning of peace to the harraſſed world; and doubly enjoyed our approach to England in the proſpect, that the horrors by which our ears had been wounded during ſo long a time, were likely to have an end. We were, however, dreadfully mortified to diſcover, that, as a veſſel of government, it would not be allowed to carry paſſengers;

gers; that, as our paſſports were granted for Calais, we ſhould not have leave to embark at Boulogne; and, what was ſtill worſe, that all communication with England had been prohibited, excepting from the port of Dieppe. Thus circumſtanced, the laſt letter of Monſieur Delacroix came in aid of all our troubles; and the mayor and municipality, the officers of the cuſtom-houſe, and of the port, were alike forward to aſſiſt our embarkation, which took place at nine o'clock, the 28th of September; and in five hours we were landed ſafe at Dover.

To ſay I was glad to find myſelf in our own land of freedom and comfort, after an abſence of four years and a half, is not ſaying enough. I was happy and delighted to have eſcaped from the ſeat of war, and even from the doubtful ſecurity of Switzerland; and to have brought Mrs. D. comfortably and quietly home, without experiencing any of the inconveniences and apprehenſions which would have unavoidably attend-

ed the paſſage by Hamburgh. By that we ſhould have been expoſed to meet the hoſtile armies, and to ſuffer all the miſeries of a long ſea-voyage; in which the fear of ſhipwreck, and of capture by the enemy, would have been painfully aggravated by the agonizing torture of ſea-ſickneſs, which, to my dear Mrs. D. is ſuffering hardly to be believed. The traverſing France at ſo intereſting a period was extremely gratifying to our mind; as every mile we travelled, and every hour we ſpent in that extraordinary country, afforded matter of obſervation and ſpeculation, and we felt the pleaſure of return enhanced by the gratification of curioſity.

Thus have I finiſhed a tour, lengthened almoſt two years beyond the time firſt intended, by the untoward circumſtances of the period at which we live; a period eventful, I believe, above any recorded in the annals of modern hiſtory.

Yet

Yet I cannot regret, as either uſeleſs or unpleaſant, the time I was detained in Germany and Switzerland. It procured me much information, flattering diſtinctions, and, what is ſuperior far, the acquaintance and friendſhip of many amiable and eſtimable people—ſouls of honour—hearts of great worth—underſtandings capable to amuſe, inform, and inſtruct all who could poſſeſs the privilege of intimacy with them. And I have an honeſt pride in declaring, that, though the honour of their acquaintance was duly valued, their attachment was a thouſand times more gratifying to Mrs. D. and myſelf. Though perſonally ſeparated from them for a ſeaſon, their epiſtolary correſpondence is precious to me; and I look forward to the times of tranquillity that may permit us to receive them on our own iſland, or rejoin them on their own continent, with a ſatisfaction more eaſily felt than expreſſed.

THE END.

14 JY 60

K with proceeds.

NOTES

BRITISH MUSEUM

OF A

JOURNEY FROM BERNE TO ENGLAND,

THROUGH FRANCE.

MADE IN THE YEAR 1796.

By M. D.

AT the beginning of our travels, my deareſt Mr. Douglas, you deſired me to keep a Journal; a requeſt I complied with, becauſe you made it; though convinced of its being a work of ſupererrogation, conſidering you was engaged in the employment, and for ten thouſand reaſons ſo much better qualified to execute it. The kindneſs of your motives, however, which I knew were to awaken my attention and find me occupation, forced my compliance; and your deſire that our obſervations ſhould not be diſunited, is the reaſon of their now appearing together.

AFTER ſpending the winter at Ratiſbon, the drearineſs of the ſurrounding country determined us to quit it early in the ſpring, and we accordingly fixed our departure for the middle of May. We executed our deſign, though not without pain, from the affectionate regret expreſſed by our friends and acquaintance; and that we ourſelves felt at leaving perſons whom we loved, liked, or eſteemed, without foreſeeing when and where we ſhould meet again; our intention being, if peace did not open us a paſſage to England, to ſpend the enſuing winter in Italy. My health, which had ſuffered during the winter, found the uſual benefit from travelling; and the ſummer ſpent at my favourite Berne compleated the cure, notwithſtanding the anxieties of mind I ſuffered, owing to the ſituation of the Continent. We found Switzerland in a very doubtful ſtate as to the poſſibility of retaining its neutrality; the French began to over-run Italy; it was ſoon clear we ſhould not be able to go there; and the news we heard from Germany ſeemed to threaten that country becoming equally impracticable.

Our

Our minds grew daily more and more anxious; the health and ſpirits of my beloved huſband became affected by it; he ſaw, and at laſt confeſſed to me the danger we were in, of being ſhut out of England, ſurrounded by the French, without means of obtaining money for our ſubſiſtence; all communication between our own country and the continent being ſtopt. The ſituation was truly alarming, and drove me to a ſtep which I then conſidered, and ſtill conſider as deſperate; conſenting to go by Hamburgh. I was and am convinced, that many days ſpent on the ſea, would, from ſea-ſickneſs, materially and laſtingly affect my health; but in the ſituation we were, no ſtep was free from danger, and terrible as a ſea voyage would have been to me, it was better than being in the midſt of war and bloodſhed, or expoſed to want the neceſſary means of ſupport in a foreign land. My dear Mr. D——, however, well knowing the miſeries which would attend me in the journey by Hamburgh, was determined to make one bold effort to ſave me from it. He had during our reſidence at Ratiſbon endeavoured, by application to the Pruſſian Miniſter at Paris, to obain leave to paſs thro' France, for the purpoſe of embarking at Calais; the miniſter gave for anſwer,

that being certain the requeſt would not be granted, he did not chuſe to expoſe himſelf to a refuſal. On our arrival in Switzerland, Mr. D—— applied to Mr. Barthelimi, who alſo told him the permiſſion was unattainable.

Deſirous, however, if poſſible, to ſave me the horrors of a long ſea paſſage, my ever kind huſband reſolved to apply immediately to Charles de la Croix, *miniſtre des relations exterieurs*, for the permiſſion he ſo much wiſhed to obtain; which became every day more and more neceſſary, as the French were making hourly progreſs in Germany. The letter to Paris diſpatched, Mr. D—— left me to go to the baths of Loëches, his health being in a kind of uncomfortable ſtate, which made it neceſſary he ſhould do ſomething to improve it. Our ſeparation at this time was peculiarly painful; my mind being equally harraſſed with fears and anxieties, whatever might be our deſtination. To paſs through France was an undertaking not to be looked forward to without apprehenſion; but I confeſs, in my own mind, I preferred whatever danger might attend that, to the conſequences I apprehended from long protracted ſea-ſickneſs. To add to my uneaſineſſes on my own account, I felt the utmoſt anxiety

for

for Madame de Biolay and little Mary, whom (as had peace permitted us, we ſhould have returned to England thro' Germany,) we had left at Ratiſbon, and who ſeemed in danger of encountering the French in that town, and being by their progreſs prevented joining us. All theſe doubts and difficulties I had to combat with during Mr. D——'s abſence, and ſhall never think of theſe painful moments without gratitude to the tender unremitting friendſhip of Madame Herbort, and the conſoling calmneſs, compoſure, and friendly advice, and encouragement of profeſſor Ith, without which I muſt have ſuffered ſtill more than I did, from my diſtreſſing ſituation. A few days before Mr. D——'s return, a letter arrived from Paris, granting us the deſired permiſſion in the handſomeſt manner. I confeſs the certainty of having to engage in ſo perilous an undertaking, required a ſtronger reſolution than mine to meet it undaunted. It coſt me a two days fever; but from that time my mind became compoſed, and was never materially diſturbed after. Throughout the accompliſhment of this undertaking, the calmneſs of my own mind ſurpriſed me; nor could I but feel grateful to the Almighty, to whom I hope it will not be thought preſumption,

tion, if I own I could not help often aſcribing the courage with which I was enabled to perform this perilous, but neceſſary journey.

I immediately wrote to Ratiſbon, deſiring Madame de B. to join us with Mary, as ſoon as poſſible, and had ſoon after the happineſs of ſeeing my dear Mr. D—— return from Loëches improved in health by the waters, and in ſpirits by the permiſſion from Paris. To enjoy one anothers ſociety, a little while uninterrupted, we obtained leave to reſide at the Iſle de St. Pierre a few days, and went from Berne for that purpoſe ſhortly after his return. This Iſle de St. Pierre is a beautiful iſland in the lake of Bienne; it is well wooded, commands charming views of the lake, and the country about is ſtudded with numberleſs little towns and villages, cloſe to the water's edge, and uniting ſublimity with beauty, by having the magnificent range of ſnow mountains ſeen from Berne, full in its view. The natural beauty of this place well deſerves a traveller's notice, which I think I have heard however that it ſeldom obtained till Rouſſeau made it his reſidence. He was obliged to quit it by order of the government of Berne, to whom it belongs, and from that time no one can ſleep there without ſpecial permiſſion, even for a night.

It

It is certainly a lovely retirement, and was thought ſo much ſo by R——, that he offered to enter into an engagement never to write any more, if he might be permitted to remain there. I am apt to think, however, that he would have repented of his bargain, ſince tho' it is certainly a lovely ſolitude, that without employment muſt become irkſome, and the iſland is too ſmall to allow any extent, or variety of walks to its inhabitant. Here the admirers of R—— feel and indulge all the enthuſiaſm of fancy, and ſo far have ſome puſhed it, as to invoke or expect him, nay fancy he appeared to them, (eſpecially if they had the luck to ſleep in the particular room he inhabited) which fancies have even given riſe to ſome very ridiculous ſcenes. As to my unworthy ſelf, who can not feel enthuſiaſm for the ingenious diſguiſer of vice, in the colours of virtue, I confeſs, tho' I inhabited that very room, I had no viſions; nor did my thoughts dwell otherwiſe on R—— than to lament over the unfortunate man, who with fine feelings and fine talents, derived nothing from the firſt but diſtreſs, apprehenſion and mortification; and chiefly employed the laſt in confounding virtue and vice, ſo as to leave them hardly diſtinguiſhable; thereby doing more miſchief in the

the world, in ſpite of all his partizans can ſay in his favour, than thoſe who perhaps meant not ſo well as himſelf.—Having enjoyed ourſelves here for the time allowed us, we returned to Berne again to reſide for a few weeks previous to our journey thro' France. On our arrival at Berne we were moſt agreeably ſurpriſed by the ſight of Joſeph, the ſervant we had left at Ratiſbon with Madame de B——, who called out to us the moment we were within hearing—'we are all arrived ſafe and well.' We immediately went to congratulate Madame de B—— on the good ſucceſs of her ſpirit and courage; for it required much of thoſe qualities to come from Ratiſbon when the French were every moment expected in Switzerland; it not appearing by any means certain ſhe might not fall in with the French army, which, in fact, arrived at Conſtance the next day after ſhe left Bregentz. Thanks, however, to her well judged reſolution, all the family was once more ſafely reunited, and ready to proceed together on the intended journey. I have already ſaid ſo much about Berne, that I can add nothing more, except, that the longer my reſidence, the ſtronger became my attachment to it and its delightful environs. Far from looſing its charms

by

by being accuſtomed to them, every day and every walk produced ſome new ſcene of majeſtic or rural beauty; and I ſtill retain the partiality which led me to ſay, in a former part of my journal, that for health and pleaſure, Berne would be my choſen reſidence.

It became, however, neceſſary to enter on our arduous undertaking, and the 27th of Auguſt was fixed for our departure. I left Berne with my uſual hope of ſome day ſeeing it again, which I wiſh from attachment to the place, and grateful regard to friends, who proved themſelves ſuch to me at a moment when I moſt wanted ſupport and conſolation, which my beſt friend was not at hand to give me. As, notwithſtanding my frequent viſits to Switzerland, I had never ſeen the Pais de Vaud, Mr. D—— kindly choſe that road to France, by which means I received great pleaſure from the lovely lake Leman (or lake of Geneva) and the enchanting ſituation of Lauſanne. From Lauſanne we had a beautiful drive by the ſide of the lake to Morges, where we breakfaſted very pleaſantly with Madame Moret, the favourite ſiſter of my friend Madame Muller, and from thence proceeded to Nyon, where we were to rejoin Madame de B——, who went there before us, to

viſit her family and friends. Mr. D—— took a trip from thence to Geneva, which I declined ſharing, on account of a bad cold which I did not wiſh to take with me to France.

I remained therefore at Nyon, every day hoping to behold Mont Blanc, which I am told is ſeen finely from thence; but my hopes were vain, as the weather was thick and rainy all the time of my ſtay, and totally prevented my ſeeing any of the beauties belonging to the ſituation of Nyon. Mr. D— returned from Geneva the 2d of September, and the next morning we ſat out for France. My mind was tranquil, yet, I own, fully and ſolely occupied with the undertaking, till forced to admit other ideas and ſenſations to ſhare it. On ſtopping before Mr. Reverdil's door, the friend with whom Madame de B—— was ſtaying, whoſe lady (one of the moſt intereſting and elegant women I have ſeen abroad) I had become acquainted with, and who acts the part of friend and mother to Mademoiſelle de Biolay, a very intereſting girl of fourteen years of age, whom the harſh neceſſity of domeſtic misfortunes has forced her mother to quit, to ſeek in a foreign land ſome means of benefitting her family.

We

We did not intend to ſtop, but an addition of horſes to the coach, on account of paſſing Mont Jura, obliged us to remain juſt behind it whilſt that was done. On the threſhold of the door ſtood the intereſting daughter, pale and motionleſs, with a handkerchief in her hand, ready to wipe the ſilent tear, had any fallen; but her ſenſations were, I believe, beyond the power of tears, which at all events the fortitude ſhe has learnt from her mother, both by precept and example, would have led her, if poſſible, to with-hold; though cloſe to the coach-door, ſhe ventured not to approach it, nor did the diſtreſſed mother truſt herſelf to look out at her heart-affecting child; at length, to my great relief, the coach moved ſlowly on, and we immediately followed.—My mind was now divided between two painful, though different, ſentiments, which however were much alleviated by the fine ſcenery amongſt the mountains of Jura. I ſhall not pretend to deſcribe them, having already mentioned ſo much of this kind of ſcenery, which, though each journey through mountains affords, in reality, a different appearance to the eye, can only be expreſſed in writing by nearly the ſame words. After ſeveral hours ſpent in winding amongſt theſe mountains, we

reached, in the midſt of them, the French Barriere. It was a lone houſe, in a bleak and dreary ſpot, and tho' wild, had no tincture of ſublimity to engage the mind; mine therefore was at full leiſure to feel the ſerious importance of the moment, and tho' *unagitated* felt an impreſſion of aſſumed reſolution, when the carriage ſtopt, and we ſaw for the firſt time the French in their red and blue caps, (the original *bonnet rouge* being now exploded) and were deſired to walk into the houſe. I got out in ſilence, and followed where the maſter of the houſe led me, which was into his own room, amongſt his family. I ſoon ſaw, fear was perfectly unneceſſary; we were treated with great civility and good natured attention, by all.

The examination of our paſſports and baggage was a long buſineſs, during which Madame de Biolay and I chatted with the women of the houſe, who inſiſted on giving Mary ſome ſoup, which was on the fire. Finding that we delayed their dinner very much, I tried for ſome time, without ſucceſs, to perſuade them to dine; at length they conſented, preſſing us much to ſhare their meal, which was truly ſocial, as they all appeared in perfect harmony with each other, and one or two gueſts who were there. They addreſſed

dreſſed one another by the title of *citoyen*, and *citoyenne*, and we ſat with them very comfortably till all our buſineſs being diſpatched, we proceeded with hearts very much lightened by our reception, which ſeemed a kind of earneſt of our ſafety. A little way further we were ſtopt again, for a few minutes, by ſome ſoldiers ſtationed as a guard to the frontiers. They looked ſhabby and glum, and I believe ſneered at us a little; however they reſpected our paſſports too much to give us any diſturbance, and we continued our way to Morey, a ſmall town, romantically ſituated at the foot of the mountains, watered by a little river. We found here a good inn, and excellent accomodations. This being the firſt French town we had entered, we could not but look about us a little, to ſee whether the French in a body would treat us as civilly as a ſingle family, in a remote ſituation. We had nothing to complain of, and the curioſity excited by our two loaded carriages, which ſtood in the ſtreet, was no more than would have appeared any where elſe on a ſimilar occaſion. The evening was cold, we had a fire kindled, and ſpent (what a few months before I could not have believed poſſible) a comfortable evening in France. Next morning we reſumed

our

our journey, and our minds being at eaſe concerning our ſafety, we had leiſure to obſerve the ſtate of the country, &c. We were ſtill amongſt the mountains, every part of which, that could at all admit of cultivation, was highly cultivated. We ſlept at a little place called Champagnolle, where we had bad accomodation; it not being a place to ſtop at, except from the neceſſity ariſing from travelling by Voiturier. We continued our journey next morning, dined at Poligny, and ſlept at Dole. Our road to Poligny was for the laſt part over a tremendous part of mount Jura, the ſteep deſcent of which would at any time have been alarming, even when the road was well kept; but having been, I ſuppoſe, intirely neglected ſince the revolution, it was almoſt impaſſable; our horſes were all taken off except a pair, the coach was held up on each ſide; but that not proving ſufficient ſecurity, a rope was fixed to the top of it on each ſide, and held tight by two men, and thus it at length reached the bottom of the mountain in ſafety. It is almoſt needleſs to ſay we all went on foot, yet I did not entirely eſcape fear, as may be ſuppoſed, when I add that from the perpendicular deſcent, and the horrible ſtate of the road, I expected every moment to ſee the horſes, driver,

coach,

coach, and men attending it, roll down the mountain in horrible confuſion. We dined at Poligny, and proceeded to Dole; the country continued highly cultivated, the people looked comfortable, and were very good humoured and civil. Here and there a defaced chateau gave riſe to melancholy reflections, which were relieved however by a number of neat ſnug cottages, ſome finiſhed, ſome building; which conveyed an idea that the lower ranks of people, now freed from oppreſſion, were beginning to enjoy the comfort of ſecure property. However conſoling this idea might be, a melancholy reflection could not but at times obtrude, concerning the unfortunate owners of the dilapidated chateaux, who, though many of them might have been the oppreſſors of their inferior neighbours, were doubtleſs ſome of them the reſource of poverty, and the ſupporters of honeſt induſtry. Popular commotion however made no diſtinction, and every great houſe bore marks of its fury. Some churches, all ſaints and croſſes without exception, bore the ſame marks of the people's indignation. We arrived towards dark at Dole; this was the firſt great town we had entered, and our attention began again to awake to our reception. After a ſlight exami

nation

nation at the gate, we were allowed to proceed to the inn. We ordered tea, and ſat in quiet expectation of the coach, which being heavier than our carriage, often arrived a little later than we.

This time however we expected, and expected in vain, for a good while; at laſt our family joined us, and our female ſervants, with pale and terrified faces, told us they had been arreſted in the ſtreet, and frightened to death. We remained in much alarm, till Madame de Biolay, whoſe preſence of mind never forſakes her, informed us that one of the centinels at the entrance of the city, inſiſted on the paſſengers in the coach being examined at the municipality, before they went to the inn. The inn was at the further extremity of the town, which was very long; our driver, fearful for his horſes after the fatigue they had that day undergone, entreated permiſſion to follow us to the inn, where every ſatisfaction ſhould be given the municipality concerning us. This would not content the centinel, who ordered out a file of ſoldiers, whom he placed with their bayonets preſented at the head of our horſes. Madame de Biolay on this got out, diſcourſed the ſoldiers, and the people, who by this time ſurrounded the carriage,

riage, and at length obtained permiſſion to proceed to the inn with the carriage, leaving one of the ſervants to go to the municipality, who ſoon after joined us, and comforted us with the intelligence, that all the difficulty was obviated. We ſuppoſed this buſineſs ended, but our tea was not over before one of our ſervants came up to inform us, that the commanding officer and the chief of the municipality deſired to ſee Mr. D—. I confeſs their viſit rather diſturbed me, however, Mr. D—— deſired they might be ſhown up, and I put the beſt face I could on the buſineſs, being convinced, as well as Mr. D——, that the ſureſt way to avoid unfavourable ſuſpicion, was to appear totally unembarraſſed. Our two gueſts entered, and we had ſoon reaſon to be much pleaſed with their viſit; its purport being to apologize for the behaviour of the centinel, (who it ſeems was in liquor,) to expreſs regret at our carriage having been moleſted, and to ſay that the cauſe of it was in cuſtody, awaiting whatever puniſhment Mr. D.——— ſhould require as a ſatisfaction. It may be ſuppoſed, this polite attention had the thanks it deſerved, and that Mr. D—— required nothing but the releaſe of the impriſoned ſoldier. The politeneſs of our viſitors went ſo far as to decline

ſeeing our paſſports, which Mr. D—— offered to ſhow them. *Non citoyen*, (ſaid he) *nous ne voulons pas que vous penſiez, que nous ſommes venus examiner vos paſſeports, quand nous ne venons que pour vous faire des excuſes ſur le deſagrement que vous avez eprouvè dans notre ville.* They withdrew and left us to admire their politeneſs and enjoy the ſecurity it gave us. Next morning we proceeded through a country bearing the ſame appearance as that we paſſed the preceding day to Auxonne, where we dined.

In this town we excited much curioſity. The inhabitants gathered about our carriage, which ſtood in the ſtreet, to examine it minutely; on ſeeing which, Mr. D—— mixed immediately in the crowd to converſe with the people. Some one ſaid, the carriage is either of Paris, or London make; it was made in London, ſaid Mr. D. we are Engliſh, paſſing through France by ſpecial permiſſion. I am going immediately to Paris, where I ſhall wait on Monſieur de la Croix.

All this was literally true, and by no means intended to deceive, yet it put a falſe idea into the people's heads, which was perhaps advantageous to us. They fancied Mr. D —— employed to open ſome negociation between France and

and England. This I diſcovered by the converſation of ſome perſons under the inn window, which finding it concerned us, I thought myſelf, circumſtanced as we were, authoriſed to liſten to. 'They are Engliſh (ſaid one of them,) How do you know?' The gentlemen told me ſo himſelf. There is certainly ſome negociation on foot for peace; this Engliſhman is going to Paris to the citizen la Croix. It muſt be on ſome ſuch buſineſs. For who would travel through our country who could help it? Every body ſuppoſes we are cutting each others throats, and murdering every one elſe. After dinner we proceeded to Dijon. Our inn was dark and uncomfortable; the people belonging to it looked diſcontented; it had the appearance of having been in a more flouriſhing ſtate, but the inn and a certain ſomething in the inhabitants of this great town, ſeemed to indicate tha tBurgundy was not near in ſo comfortable a ſtate as Franche Comtè, through which we had hitherto travelled. Our plan was to have left Dijon early in the morning, but we ſoon found that was impracticable, as we were under a neceſſity of identifying our paſſports, at the municipality next morning, which we could not do till ten o'clock; we therefore ſettled to take an early dinner, and

continue our journey in the afternoon. Dijon is a handſome town, its ſtreets good, and full of large ſhops; but the whole had an air of ſilence and melancholy dejection; the countenances of the people ſeemed oppreſſed with diſmal retroſpect on the paſt, or gloomy ſuſpicion of the future. We proceeded to the municipality, where, as at the barrier, the examination of all our paſsports detained us a good while; which on the whole was no diſadvantage, as it gave us an opportunity of obſerving the various perſons who came to and fro, whilſt we were there, to ſeek paſſports. We were ſhown into a large room ſurrounded with ſhelves filled with band boxes, on which were marked the different ſubjects of the papers therein contained. At each end of the room was a bureau, at which ſat one man, who gave out and examined paſſports. When we entered there was no one in the room but ourſelves, except theſe two men, and an old man who was waiting at one end of the room. After our paſſports and ourſelves were examined, we were detained ſome time whilſt they were carried to another room for further inſpection. In the mean while various perſons came for paſſports, to different parts of France.

All

All looked diſmal; one elderly woman in particular, with whom I ventured to enter into a little converſation, attracted my attention by a look of poverty in her dreſs and meagre form, which ſeemed however to diſguiſe a perſon who had ſeen better days. She talked to me with ſome remains of French ſprightlineſs, and received very good humouredly ſeveral jokes, relative to the deſcription of her perſon, from the man who was taking it. As we talked, I mentioned the terrible road over Jura to Poligny, and that I had been obliged to perform it on foot; 'that is very trying and hard, ſaid ſhe, to people of weak health and unaccuſtomed to go on foot.' From this time ſhe became thoughtful, and I ſaw her claſp her hands together whilſt the tears rolled down her cheeks in a diſtreſs, which ſhe would have gladly concealed. An idea that ſhe might be the mother of a young man, for whom Mr. D— and I are much intereſted, and who we knew to be in a ſimilar ſituation, and probably at that time on the move, affected me extremely. I would have given much to have queſtioned her, but dared not; the particular idea however which affected me was cleared away, by her ſaying ſhe was going to ſee a daughter in Franche Comtè; a cir-

circumſtance which could not belong to the perſon I ſuppoſed ſhe might be. Her buſineſs diſpatched, ſhe took leave of us with much civility, but the ſame air of diſtreſs above mentioned, which ſhe had vainly tried to conquer.

Our two officers of the municipality, now began to amuſe themſelves with the figure of the next object they had to deſcribe (an exact deſcription of every ones perſon being abſolutely eſſential in a French paſſport.) He is quite a beauty, ſays one; Oh! a perfect Cupid, added the other. In the mean time the perſon in queſtion entered the room. It was the ſame old man who was waiting when we arrived, and whoſe buſineſs had been poſtponed for ours. The converſation previous to his appearance, led me to examine him particularly, which I did without being able to find out the leaſt grounds for any thing, but an involuntary kind of reſpect; which ſentiment ſoon operated on the people who were before diſpoſed to laugh at him, and ſilenced all ſuch inclinations. He was old and grey headed, his countenance grave, his walk firm, as was his voice and mode of anſwering all queſtions put to him. His cloaths bore every mark of poverty, except rags; he had a coarſe travelling ſack thrown over one ſhoulder, and a ſtrong ſtick

ſtick in his hand. Having declared his name, and where he was going, he was aſked what was his ordinary occupation? 'Begging, ſaid he, I lived comfortably on an employ I had under the ancient government, but ſince the revolution I have loſt all, and I beg.' What are you going to—for? 'To conduct two young men belonging to reſpectable people of the town, who have never been from home. Their parents know me, and truſt them to my care with confidence.' I wiſh, ſaid I, you had a better maintenance than begging. 'I do pretty well, anſwered he, I find many kind ſouls who aſſiſt me, and I live by the charity of good people.'

Mr. D—, who had been talking with the officer at the other end of the room, turned to us as theſe laſt words were ſpoken. Well, ſaid he, that I may be enrolled amongſt good people, pray take this—giving him money. The old man ſtarted and thanked him by a low and expreſſive bow.

The recital of his ſituation and misfortunes, he had given in a firm tone of voice, and with an unchanged countenance; but an unexpected and unſolicited act of kindneſs he could not bear unmoved. Tears ſtole, in ſpite of manly efforts to conceal them, down his venerable

cheeks,

cheeks, and turning from Mr. D—— he whiſpered me in a low and broken voice, 'May God long preſerve him! for I ſee whenever he dies, the unfortunate will looſe a friend.'

I could not help ſaying, I hoped in time his ſituation might mend, as France became more tranquil. 'Hope, ſaid he, is the only thing left us: my chief conſolation is religion, and reſignation to the will of God, that can ſoften every thing.' His countenance as he ſaid this, reſumed its firm ſerenity, and he continued to converſe with me, telling me, amongſt other things, he had a daughter in England. How gladly would I have aſked her name, addreſs, and conveyed intelligence to her concerning her reſpectable parent; but, alas! circumſtances laid an imperious embargo on all ſuch indulgence. Our buſineſs was finiſhed, and I was forced to leave this venerable old man with a mind highly impreſſed with eſteem, for his intereſting fortitude, and the chriſtian religion on which it was founded.

During our ſtay at the municipality we heard a prodigious bawling in the hall, and a perſon ſaid ſomething in a low voice, to the man near whom I ſat, who anſwered 'Yes, yes, it is the poiſſarde.' As we quitted the houſe we found this

this ſame poiſſarde making the moſt horrible uproar in the ſtreet. Mr. D—— has given ſo true a deſcription of this odious creature, that I ſhall only ſay ſhe ſerved, by forming the moſt ſtriking contraſt with my old friend, to illuſtrate the immenſe difference between virtue and vice. It was, tho' a deteſtable ſight, ſome gratification to my curioſity, to ſee one of the horrid race of women, who figured ſo ſhockingly in all the bloody ſcenes tranſacted at Paris. She complained moſt outrageouſly of being treated roughly at Dijon, repeating *quoi a Dijon, a Dijan, a la municipalite de Dijon!* what I have ſince learnt of Dijon, leads me to ſuppoſe ſhe had been concerned in ſcenes of blood and horror in that very town, where ſhe now met the treatment ſhe deſerved; having been put in priſon and afterwards ordered to depart.

We left Dijon immediately after dinner, and on converſing with Mr. D—— in the chaiſe, I found from his obſervation and various hints he had picked up from talking a little with perſons he had encountered about the town, that the revolution had been much more ſeverely felt here than in any part we had yet traverſed. We ſlept at Pont de Panys; the next night carried us

to Maiſon Neuve, a comfortable inn, the people civil to us, but gloomy in themſelves and apparently diſcontented.

The further we advanced in Burgundy, the more we became ſpectators of the horrid devaſtations of the revolution. The roads became bad, particularly at a village called Rouvray, in our way from Maiſon Neuve, they were too bad to admit our paſſing them ſafely in the carriages; we therefore went on foot, wiſhing more than hoping that our chaiſe and coach would not be broke to pieces. They got over however without accident; we remounted, and dined at Cuſſy les Forges, the moſt cut-throat looking village that can be conceived; the looks of the people of the houſe, giving one an idea, that extreme poverty and wretchedneſs might lead them eaſily to robbery and murder, to relieve it. It need not be ſaid we got from here the moment we could; and we arrived to ſleep at a remarkable neat inn, at Lucy le Bois. The miſtreſs of the houſe told us, ſhe had ſhut up her houſe three years, and withdrawn herſelf from thence, and that ſhe had juſt ventured to open it again; ſhe wiſhed much for peace, which is in truth the univerſal deſire every where. This village, or little

little town, was neat, the cottages comfortable, the children clean, and the people civil and good humoured. This was not the general caſe in Burgundy; no one moleſted us, but in general the people looked ſulky, the cottages wretched, and tho' they let us paſs quietly, they ſometimes called us ariſtocrates, ſaying we ſhould find how we ſhould be looked on at Paris. In Franche Comte, the carters made way civilly for the carriages, in Burgundy never. It is a ſmall circumſtance, but ſerves to ſhew the different temper of the two provinces. Nothing could be more melancholy than travelling through Burgundy, over magnificent roads bordered with fine avenues of trees, formerly well paved; the pavement now quite in ruins, with the graſs growing between the broken fragments; no way left for a carriage to paſs, but by a narrow bit of the ſide road, whilſt every few miles brought to view fine chateaux, all in the moſt deplorable ſtate; the windows and doors torn out; the roofs deſtroyed, whilſt the well conditioned appearance of what ſtill ſtood, brought to mind, (could one for one moment have forgot it,) that it was the hand of outrage and violence, not time, which had produced the

ruins. Every encloſure of grounds or gardens, was laid open by breaches made for that purpoſe in the ſurrounding walls, the fragments of which remained ſcattered on the ſpot; every church was reduced to the ſame ſtate as the chateaux; croſſes lay broken and ſhivered to bits, in the ſpots where devotion had formerly placed them; and every face ſeemed to have done or ſuffered ſomething terrible; and to look forward with a dark eye of ſuſpicion, to what might next happen. The ſcene was ſhocking, and however wrong the leaders of the emigration may have been, in quitting their country, the ſight of their ruined habitations could not but affect deeply, any perſons ſo well aware as we are of the miſeries, their innocent and often highly meritorious families ſuffer in foreign lands. In the midſt of theſe reflections, we arrived at Auxerre, beautifully ſituated on the banks of the Yonne. Our inn was on the river ſide, with only the road between them; the oppoſite bank was ornamented by a little grove of Lombardy poplars; and a handſome bridge, over which we had paſſed, contributed to embelliſh the ſcene. Our pleaſureable idea however received a moſt uncomfortable check on entering the inn, the maſter of which received us with hag-

haggard looks of meagre ſtarving poverty, through which, a well bred polite manner ſhowed he had ſeen better days. He conducted us to apartments delightfully ſituated, looking over the pretty ſcene I have mentioned, and which had formerly been truly elegant; but the damaſk hung in tatters about the beds and wainſcots, the tables and chairs were tottering and worm-eaten; and ſo great was our wretched hoſt's poverty, that he was obliged to borrow from his neighbours, plates to hold the bread and butter we eat with our tea. We were glad to exchange the melancholy interior of the houſe, for a walk on the banks of the river, and Mr. D—— being curious to look at the cathedral, we went into the town.

We ſaw here, as in the ſtreet facing the river, many handſome houſes, but not one had any inhabitant, to whom one could ſuppoſe ſuch manſions juſtly belonged; Mr. D——'s idea that the loweſt ſervants had murdered their maſters, and taken poſſeſſion of their houſes, ſeems to me the moſt deſcriptive of the appearance of Auxerre.

After viewing the formerly handſome cathedral, now defaced and going faſt to ruin, Mr. D—— purſued his walk over the town with Mr.

Mr. Geſſner, and Madame de Biolay and I returned to the river ſide. On comparing notes we found the place and countenances of its inhabitants, had produced the ſame effect on the two parties; the gentlemen having traverſed the ſtreets in ſilence, not venturing to expreſs their ſentiments to one another; and we having performed our walk in the ſame manner, for the ſame reaſon. We were well pleaſed to quit Auxerre next morning, and ſtill more to exchange the gloomy province of Burgundy for Champagne, where the effects of the revolution had not left near ſo ſtrongly, the miſerable traces of deſolation, which ſo peculiarly marked every thing in Burgundy. As I have nothing to ſay of the journey through Champagne, except the names of the places, I ſhall paſs them over in ſilence till our arrival at Montrou, two days previous to that in which we were to enter Paris. Tho' every where we had been civily treated, I could not forget that our undertaking was perhaps hazardous; and tho' my mind was free from agitation, it became more and more ſerious, as we drew near a place which for the laſt years, one had heard of only with horror. It may eaſily be ſuppoſed this ſerious caſt was not enlivened by one of our ſervants telling us, before

fore we went to bed, there had been diſturbances at Paris. Luckily, he added, we ſhould meet many troops next day on their march for Italy. This furniſhed my ever attentive huſband with an argument to ſave me from terror, as he very juſtly argued, there could be no danger to the government at Paris, if they were then ſending troops from the capital.

With this idea to compoſe me, I ſlept comfortably and next morning continued our journey, expecting every moment to meet the troops. No troops however came; I remarked it often to Mr. D——, who continually found ſome reaſon or other for our not ſeeing them; I began however to be ſeriouſly uneaſy, till we ſtopt at Melun, where Mr. D—— told me with a chearful, and perfectly ſatisfied look, that we had miſſed the troops only becauſe they had taken another road. This ſatisfied me, and we proceeded after dinner to Villeneuve, where we ſlept, and from whence we ſat out next morning for Paris; having previouſly diſpatched our courier to ſecure us good accommodation. Mr. D—— and I converſed together on various matters, which hindered me from brooding over apprehenſions, till we reached the barrier at the entrance into Paris. Here, almoſt beyond my

hopes

hopes, my aſſumed reſolution continued to ſupport me, nor did I feel any way alarmed, when our carriage ſtopt, and our paſſports were examined; in truth, if I had, our examination paſſed with ſo much civility on the part of the officers, and the people ſeemed ſo little diſpoſed to conſider us with more attention, than every traveller with two loaded carriages muſt naturally excite, that it would ſoon have given place to curioſity, and the deſire of obſerving as minutely as might be, every object around me. Our courier met us at the barrier, announced having procured us apartments at the Hotel de Philadelphie, and deſired us all to keep our paſſports ready, as we might probably be ſtopt every ten minutes. Whilſt our paſſports were examined at the barrier, I perceived that every creature whether on foot, or otherwiſe, who entered, was obliged to produce a paſſport. Parties of armed ſoldiers were traverſing the ſtreets in all directions, and every one ſeemed buſy and buſtling. The ſuburb by which we entered was long, narrow and dirty, inhabited by people whoſe countenances had a fearful expreſſion, which led me to a ſuſpicion, I for ſome time dared not aſcertain by enquiry; till finding we paſſed quietly, I ventured to aſk our courier the

the name of the place we were traverſing. 'It is the Fauxbourg St. Antoine,' anſwered he,(the quarter which furniſhed moſt of the agents in all the horrors of the maſſacres at Paris; and which I had previous to our arrival, obtained a promiſe from Mr. D—— never to enter.) Here we were, however, and finding we were unmoleſted, fear gave way to curioſity, and made me more than ever attentive to the fierce and horrid countenances of the women, which were worthy the ſavage devourers of the hearts of the murdered; an act of horror they certainly performed more than once, during the maſſacres. The very ſight of the children made one ſhudder, on recollectng what I have been aſſured is true, that the ſcattered limbs of thoſe murdered by their parents, had ſerved them to play with in the ſtreets.

Theſe horrible people, however, gave us no moleſtation, and I was rather glad that neceſſity led us through a quarter ſo famous, or rather infamous, which certainly I ſhould never have ſeen by choice. In our way we paſſed a heap of ſtones, the only remains of the Baſtile. In many parts of the ſtreets was written in large capitals on the walls, *Liberté, Egalité, ou la Mort.* We ſaw ſeveral ſigns alluding to the ſtate of

the country, repreſented by a man on board a veſſel juſt ready to ſink, under which was written, *Eſperance.*

The traverſing the Fauxburg St. Antoine, took us up a good while, as it is very long, and we drove ſlowly to keep pace with the courier, who walked by the carriage, with our paſſports in his hand, to anſwer all enquiries. At laſt we exchanged the Fauxbourg for the Boulevards; a moſt comfortable alteration, which exhibited, both as to the [illegible] and its inhabitants, a change of ſcene, for which one began rather to be impatient.

It was ſtill a long way to our hotel, however as every thing we ſaw excited our obſervations, we did not regret the diſtance. The wall continued to hold forth *Liberté, Egalité, ou la Mort*, but *la mort* was frequently effaced. We ſaw one or two churches, on which and in ſome other places was written, ' *Le peuple françois reconnoit, l'etre ſupreme, et l'imortalitè de l'ame.*' I was glad to read this; for I had ſuſpected every creature in Paris, had been an atheiſt. An exhortation was written up in ſeveral other places, to reſpect the property of individuals, and to remember it was the fruit of their induſtry; as far as I can recollect, theſe were

were the words: *Citoyen reſpectez les biens et proprietès de ton ſemblable, ſongez que c'eſt le fruit de ſon, induſtrie.*

At laſt we reached our hotel; our hoſt was an Engliſhman, long an inhabitant of France, and who had been above a twelvemonth in priſon, during the time of Roberſpiere. As we went up ſtairs, 'You are arrived at Paris in a buſy time, Sir, ſaid he.' Mr. D—— ſeemed not to hear, but it did not eſcape me; I ſoon enquired the meaning of his words, and learnt from him that a conſpiracy at the camp of Grenelle, very near Paris, had been diſcovered the day before; that Paris was at that moment in all the buſtle of domiciliary viſits, but that there was then no danger of diſturbance, as the conſpiracy was entirely known, and put an end to. Notwithſtanding the concluding words, this information much diſturbed me; I earneſtly requeſted Mr. D—— to let us leave Paris next day; to which he kindly anſwered, certainly, if there was the ſmalleſt idea of riſk; but that he was well aſſured all danger was now over.

I then found that from Montrou to Villeneuve, he had travelled with a load of anxiety on his mind, which it required all the calm and ſpirited reſolution, united to that tender affection

for me, ſo continually conſpicuous in all his actions, to conceal.

He knew of this conſpiracy, without knowing exactly what effect it had produced at Paris, or whether it was totally prevented; and had it not been ſo, we ſhould have found the Directory (our protectors) and the greateſt number of the Ancients and Five Hundred, murdered; the former ſcenes of horror revived, and Paris ſtreaming with blood, to which, probably, our own would have been added. Yet what could be done; had we gone by another road, the Directory, ſuppoſing the conſpiracy entirely diſcovered and ſubdued, would (as they knew we intended going to Paris) have ſuppoſed we had ſome hand in it, and finding it had failed, had gone ſneaking ſome other way out of the country. In this caſe, we ſhould certainly have been arreſted. Mr. D—— therefore could only chooſe between this danger, and that of the horrid ſcenes which might await us at Paris. He wiſely choſe the latter; but I muſt ever admire, whilſt I ever remember with gratitude, the cheerful compoſure he aſſumed, and by which he concealed from me a ſituation, the terrors whereof would, I think, had I known it, totally have overpowered me. At Villeneuve he learnt for certain

certain that Paris had reſumed its tranquility. He aſſured me repeatedly of this, when I had learnt more than he wiſhed from the maſter of the hotel, deſired me to compoſe myſelf, and diſpatched a note to the miniſter La Croix, informing him of our arrival, and his wiſh to wait on him. A very polite anſwer was returned, but Mr. D——'s viſit declined. This gave me a freſh alarm, and I begged we might leave Paris next day. To do ſo was, however, quite impoſſible. The ſection, before whom our paſſports were to be examined, was ſo much occupied they could not ſee us till eleven next day, and that was too late to leave Paris. I continued very uncomfortable, wiſhing to go, and regretting the ſeeming neceſſity of ſo doing. In the evening we had a viſit from our banker, accompanied by Monſieur Levade, of Lauſanne, who came to viſit Madame de Biolay. They both, particularly Monſieur Levade, encouraged me to ſtay, aſſuring me that it was the ſafeſt moment poſſible for ſpending a few days in Paris. The government having received freſh force from having been able to ſuppreſs the conſpiracy, and being more than ever watchful to ſecure the tranquility of Paris, and their own ſafety, after ſo recent an eſcape from deſtruction.

All

All this ſeemed ſo reaſonable, that fear gave way to curioſity, and I began to wiſh we might have leave for a few days reſidence. At eleven o'clock we were all ready to attend the ſection, but were prevented as we were leaving the hotel, and deſired to go at one; at one we went, but after waiting ſometime at the door, were told the crowd of people then at the ſection was ſo great, which indeed we ſaw, that we could not be received, and three o'clock was fixed on. Before three, however, we had another meſſage, to ſay they could not receive us till next day, which was a fete; but that the officers of the ſection would come to us, as the office would not be open. With this we were forced to be content, tho' I confeſs I was anxious to have our paſſports examined, and a legal permiſſion to be in Paris, for which Mr. D—— had applied to La Croix without having received any anſwer. Doubtful whether we might ſtay, and unwilling to leave any of the little time which might be allowed us unemployed, Mr. D—— prevailed on me to go to the Theatre. I had a ſhort combat with apprehenſion, but on examining the ſtate of my mind, I found my only way to remain in Paris with compoſure, was to occupy every moment in obtaining amuſement

or

or information; for a vacant moment in Paris would inevitably have let in a train of reflections on my mind, which muſt have made a ſtay there inſupportable. I conſented then to go to the play and we proceeded to a very handſome Theatre in the rue Fedo, where we ſaw the Opera of Telemachus. At times the repreſentation, which in point of ſcenery was very beautiful, amuſed me; but the ſenſation excited by the conſideration of being in a crowded Theatre in Paris, ſurrounded by people who had either been the victims, planners, or perhaps perpetrators of the horrors which had attended the revolution, and who (had the ſo lately diſcovered plot taken place) would probably two days before have been murdered, or committing murder, was of a kind not to be forgotten or diverted. Our own ſituation alſo could not but obtrude itſelf; an Engliſh family in the midſt of hundreds of French, our paſſports unexamined, and our permiſſion to ſtay in Paris not yet granted.

I felt the full force of all this at the moment of quitting the Theatre approached. We got out however, and home, without any interruption; and I went to bed with more of a wiſh to be permitted to ſtay in Paris, than a deſire to leave it. The next morning we received

ano-

another meſſage from the ſection, ſaying, that tho' the office was not open, they would examine our paſſports, and that it would be better for us to go there. We went immediately, and our buſineſs was diſpatched with the greateſt readineſs and civility. The unpleaſant delays we had experienced were occaſioned merely by the multiplicity of buſineſs ariſing from the encreaſed caution, owing to the late conſpiracy.

After our buſineſs was done at the ſection, tho' our permiſſion to ſtay was not yet granted, I felt more at my eaſe, and willingly accompanied Mr. D—— to the Thuilleries. I was much ſtruck with the magnificent appearance of the Louvre, which to my ſhame be it ſpoken, twenty years elapſed, ſince I was before in Paris, had obliterated from my remembrance. In truth this viſit to Paris, and the one I formerly paid it, ſerved by contraſt to illuſtrate the great uſe as well as comfort, it is (at leaſt to one of my diſpoſition) to be connected with a perſon of ſenſe, taſte, and obſervation; who has affection enough for his wife to make her his choſen companion, from which ſhe naturally acquires an attention to every thing that may make her more deſerving the diſtinction. What I ſaw when I was at Paris before, paſſed away like a dream;

of

of what I have ſeen in my late travels, I endeavour at leaſt to retain ſome remembrance, to furniſh pleaſant ſubjects of retroſpect and converſation, with my beloved huſband, by our own fire-ſide. The gardens of the Thuilleries are highly ornamented by the quantities of uncommon fine orange trees which are placed in them, forming beautiful avenues greatly to their embelliſhment. This aſſemblage of orange trees conſiſts of thoſe amaſſed by the various pillages committed in the gardens of royal palaces and chateaux belonging to emigrants. On the top of the Louvre is the telegraph. Tho' its uſe and ſpeedy mode of conveying intelligence, is, I find, well known in this country, I cannot help mentioning, that the news of Buonaparte's victory in Italy was conveyed to Straſburg, and, bravo, returned from thence, in ſeven minutes! We walked up as far as the place de Louis XV, (now place de la Revolution;) the ſcene of ſo much bloodſhed, and where during the tyranny of Robeſpierre, forty or fifty people a day, for a conſiderable time, were deſtroyed by the guillotine. Whole families, fathers, mothers, and children, fell under the iron tyranny of this monſter; the ſhadow of a fault was not neceſſary to condemn them, as may be ſuppoſed, when an order being ſent for the execution

of the Dutcheſs de Biron, it was obſerved, there were two ladies of the ſame name in priſon, and enquiry made which was to be executed ? ' Execute them both,' was the anſwer, ' and there can be no miſtake.' Old men oppreſſed by the infirmities of age, who from deafneſs were incapable of underſtanding their accuſation, had they been even permitted to defend themſelves, which was never the caſe before Robeſpiere's horrid tribunal, were brought thither, and hurried to the guillotine almoſt without ſuſpecting it. All now was calm and quiet in the fine place de la Revolution; but in imagination, had I indulged it, I could almoſt have ſeen the unfortunate Louis and his unhappy Queen, falling victims to the guillotine, which finiſhed the royal carnage by freeing the exemplary Elizabeth from a life of ſorrow, and tranſmitting her exalted ſoul, to the reward which muſt await virtue and piety like hers. The meditations occaſioned by ſeeing the place de la Revolution, were not ſuch as one wiſhed to indulge; we willingly got into the carriage which waited for us, and returned home, juſt time enough to receive a viſit from Monſieur Garnier, a French gentleman, known to Madame de Biolay in Switzerland; where his opinions being in favour of the unfortunate

Louis

Louis had forced him to take ſhelter during the time of Robeſpierre. How he contrives to live unmoleſted at Paris now, I know not; we, however, have reaſon to rejoice at it, as his kind attentions were of infinite uſe to us. We hoped to have found an anſwer from La Croix permitting our ſtay, but none was yet arrived. The next morning we had another viſit from Monſieur Levade, who propoſed to go with us to the Palais Royal, now Palais Egalitè, the former reſidence of the deteſtable Egalitè, *ci devant* Orleans. The gardens of this Palace were ſome years ago converted by him into ſtreets of ſhops, coffee-houſes, theatres, &c. The ſhops are full of rich and elegant goods of all ſorts; at night they have a beautiful appearance, the whole being well illuminated and frequented as a public walk. It brought to my mind the fair on the place de St. Marc at Venice, at the time of the aſcenſion; eſpecially as it is the cuſtom in both places, for ladies to go to the coffee-houſes, for the purpoſe of taking ice. The morning we were there with Mr. Levade, he propoſed to us to go to the ——, a place there called the Lyceum. This Lyceum is a ſmall Theatre, to which you get by deſcending a conſiderable flight of ſteps, it being under

ground. We found it however well lighted by a handſome ſky-light; it was divided into pit, boxes and gallery. At the upper end of the room was a ſtatue of the French republic, wearing the civic crown of laurel. Over her head hung the French colours, and over them was the following inſcription in letters of gold; *Vertu, Juſtice, Humanité, ſans elles point de Liberté.* The room was quite full of people of both ſexes, and all ages. This meeting is ſupported by ſubſcription, and ſeems to have been planned by well diſpoſed perſons, to humanize and compoſe the ſanguinary and agitated minds of the French, by encouraging arts, ſciences, polite literature, and morality.

The buſineſs of the meeting was begun; as we came in rather late, we heard only the concluding part of an eſſay on beauty, which was reading, but did not appear to contain any thing new. After this an elderly man read a ſhort piece in verſe, recommending decency of manners and early ſobriety to youth, (under an allegory of fruit) and inculcating the neceſſity of preſerving the buds from injury, and patiently waiting its ripening. After this a pretty elegant young woman read an imitation of one of Geſſner's Idyles, written by herſelf, with much applauſe.

plauſe. It was then announced that a certain ſchoolmaſter and his ſcholars, deſerved particular praiſe. The maſter for his judicious inſtructions to his ſcholars, and theſe for their attention and good behaviour. The names of the ſcholars who were preſent were mentioned, and a ſhort diſcourſe addreſſed to them, congratulating them on their firſt ſtep towards fame, acquired by good conduct; and hoping that it would only prove an introduction to ſtill greater degrees of merit.

The maſter was next addreſſed, and received thanks for his care of theſe children of the republic; commendation for only retrenching what might properly be retrenched in ancient ſyſtems, without running too much after novelties; and an exhortation to perſevere in giving his aſſiſtance towards inculcating into the riſing generation, decency, good morals, and all the qualities ſo neceſſary to reſcue the nation from the miſeries in which it had for ſome time been immerſed. A catechiſm in verſe for youth, to be uſed in the primary ſchools was next mentioned with high applauſe, ſome extracts read from it, and the author enquired for, to be crowned in recompenſe of his work. He could

no

no where be found, and by his abſence claimed additional praiſe for modeſty, which was liberally beſtowed. Several inſtruments, mechanical, &c, were exhibited, and ſome muſical compoſitions performed by the compoſers. From hence we returned home, our kind conductor, Monſieur Levade, promiſing to call on us again in the afternoon, to accompany us on ſome further peregrination. Our conductor being arrived, we viſited the Luxembourg, now the reſidence of the Directory; walked a little while in the gardens, and went from thence to the Boulevards; not crowded now as formerly with elegant carriages, but very full of people ſitting and walking out to enjoy the air. The next morning we viſited a moſt elegant houſe formerly inhabited by a celebrated dancer; of which Mr. D—— has given a deſcription ſo juſt, that nothing can be added concerning it. In the evening we went to the opera of Dido. Dull, as I think all ſerious operas, and not the better for being French ſinging.

The Playhouſe was always the place where my own ſituation, and that of the people amongſt whom I was, ſtruck me moſt forcibly. Whatever amuſement the Theatre may afford, there

are

are moments unoccupied in which my mind has ever been accuſtomed to reflect (as it always does in a crowd) on myſelf and the perſons ſurrounding me. No wonder then that this habit returned with more than uſual force in the Pariſian Theatres at ſuch a moment. It did ſo every time I went to them, and ſometimes an irreſiſtable horror of the people and our ſituation ſo ſtrongly took poſſeſſion of me, that I reſolved on leaving the Theatre, to preſs Mr. Douglas to quit Paris the next day. This however was only a momentary impreſſion; my deſire to indulge my own curioſity, and not to impede the gratification of his, got the better of my theatrical meditations, and I never mentioned them, even to him. My mind during the whole of our ſtay was never agitated by terror, but I never had time to reflect, that I did not feel as if at the foot of Veſuvius, after ſome dreadful irruption of which the groaning and ſmoaking of the mountain ſeemed to threaten a repetition; nor ever went to bed, that I did not feel a few minutes ſerious apprehenſion of what might happen before morning. In theſe ſentiments I was not ſingular, our friend Mr. Levade converſing one day with me, expreſſed his idea of the ſituation of Paris, by the very ſame ſimile

of

of the volcano. To return to the opera of Dido, we rejoiced when it was over. The next morning, the fourth of our reſidence in Paris, no anſwer being yet arrived from la Croix concerning our ſtay, Mr. D—— went himſelf to endeavour to obtain one. He did not ſee the miniſter, but received a very polite permiſſion to remain eight days longer in Paris, of which his journal contains the particulars. Our ſtay being now aſcertained, we had only to make the beſt uſe of it, by ſeeing as much as poſſible. We went to the Aſſembly of Ancients, and that of the Five Hundred; ſaw the Pantheon, the gallery of the Louvre, the cabinet of natural hiſtory, St. Cloud, &c.

As Mr. D— has given a particular account of all theſe places, I ſhall not enter into any detail concerning them, every one muſt experience the ſame ſenſations he deſcribes, on ſeeing the plunder by which this gallery will in time be made one of the fineſt exhibitions in the world; and we, who from our reſidence in various places on the continent, during the laſt four years and a half of the revolution, have ſeen ſo much of the miſeries endured by the emigrants, amongſt whom the merits of ſome individuals attracted our intimacy and friendſhip, felt particularly the

the painful ſenſation of ſeeing their ſpoils amongſt the variety of curioſities deſtined to embelliſh this noble gallery. Indeed the idea of my emigrant friends, particularly La Marquiſe de Louvois and La Marquiſe de Bombelles, with whom I had ſpent two winters in ſtrict intimacy, often preſſed painfully on my mind: I had taken a deep and tender intereſt in their concerns, was in regular correſpondence with them; but at Paris, in their own country, and in the midſt of their family, I hardly dared to think of them, leſt their names ſhould eſcape me, and knowing them be imputed to me as a crime. In going to the Louvre, we paſſed by that part of the Thuilleries which the unhappy Louis inhabited, when the Swiſs guards were maſſacred, and himſelf and family forced to ſeek ſhelter from the National Aſſembly, who gave it him in the *Temple*. Amongſt other things, we went to the Palace, to have a view of the place where Robeſpiere held his horrid tribunal, to the place where the wretched Queen, worn out with grief, miſery, and indignities of every kind, was dragged to hear accuſations ſhocking to human nature, and from whence the heroic Elizabeth was hurried to the guillotine, on declaring herſelf, being aſked the uſual

queſtions, who ſhe was? 'Siſter to Louis the XVI. and aunt to Louis the XVII.'

The evening of the day after, we went in company with Mr. Levade to ſee a very curious play, called les Ariſtides Modernes; exhibiting, we were aſſured, the modes and manners of the revolutionary tribunals, during the time of Robeſpiere.

Mr. D—— has very juſtly deſcribed the actors and audience; but words are wanting to deſcribe the ſtrange and mixed ſenſations excited in the mind, on ſeeing a ſet of people amuſing themſelves with horrors, which many of them had probably ſuffered from, or perhaps ſhared in performing, and that, not after a long calm and ſettled government had freed them from all apprehenſion of ſeeing theſe ſcenes renewed, but whilſt each day was as likely as not to plunge them in the ſame calamities.

Every thing, however, which tended to place the reign of terror in the light it deſerved, was received with extravagant applauſe; yet I could not get rid of an idea which ſtruck me, that had the conſpiracy of Grenelle ſucceeded, many a hand which was then employed in clapping, would perhaps have been graſping the dagger of aſſaſſination, and ſtained with blood. My mind

mind was abſorbed in horror, and when I got into the carriage, it required ſome exertion to rouſe myſelf from the gloomy impreſſion under which all my thoughts were ſtruggling. Mr. Levade propoſed to finiſh the evening by going to the Hotel de Richelieu, (now become a coffee-houſe) to eat ice. Directions were accordingly given to the coachman, who did not immediately underſtand the order, ſuppoſing the Hotel empty. Arrived at the Porte Cochere, our coachman ſtopt, and it was with difficulty Monſ. Levade perſuaded the Laquais de Place to open it, and the coachman to drive in, neither of them conceiving that this celebrated and elegant Hotel was become a Coffee-houſe. At laſt we entered the court, formerly crowded with the carriages of the firſt and moſt poliſhed ſociety of the age, now dreary and deſerted; the doors of the Porte Cochere nearly creaking on their hinges, from diſuſe. We deſcended, and mounted the fine ſtair-caſe, lighted by one glimmering ill-trimmed lamp, paſt through two rooms in the ſame dreary ſtate, then entered the Dutcheſs's bed-chamber, in which the bar of the coffee-houſe had taken the place of the ſtate bed, from thence we proceeded to the drawing-room, which was well lighted, and appeared in all its

natural elegance of hangings, mirrors and furniture. Here our ice was brought us, and we all ſeated ourſelves at a ſmall round table, each indulging their own reflections, for the ſcene inclined us all to melancholy muſing. There was no creature in the houſe but ourſelves, and the people at the bar. We took our ice in ſilence; that done, each profeſſed a ſimilar ſenſation, that of having improperly intruded into a noble houſe, and feeling an expectation that the owners would arrive and with great propriety turn us out of it. Such at leaſt were the ideas of all except Mr. D——, who was more painfully employed in vain wiſhes for the preſence of the lawful inhabitant, the Duc de Richelieu, a very amiable young man, known to him at Spa and Vienna; whom, whilſt traiteurs have taken poſſeſſion of his manſion, and the Republic of his fortune, is a comfortleſs wanderer in foreign lands, much to the regret of all who know him. Our meditations were at length interrupted by the entrance of two or three ſhabby looking men, who came to the coffee-houſe, they diſturbed our reveries, and we immediately returned again through the empty rooms, and dreary ſtair-caſe to our carriage. I own I was glad to get home, to reſt my body, which had been fatigued by the ſenſations of my mind.

As

As I do not intend to encreaſe the bulk of this journal by details already better given by Mr. D—, I ſhall only add, we made all poſſible uſe of our time till it expired, and the day for our departure arrived. We took leave with affectionate regret of our friend Mr. Levade, whoſe merits and unwearied kindneſs and attentions to us, gave him a right to that title in a few days which in general time alone can, or ought to obtain. He promiſed to write to us from Switzerland, (from France it was impoſſible) and at ſome future day we hope to ſee him in the lovely Pais de Vaud.

In four days we arrived at Boulogne, and embarked next day for Dover, where we landed, after a good paſſage of five hours.

Thus happily terminated a reſidence of four years and a half on the Continent, undertaken by my dear Mr. Douglas for my advantage, for the improvement of my health, and the awakening my faculties from the benumbing power of habit, ariſing from the too great attention naturally paid by delicate health, and weak ſpirits, to little comforts, and conveniences; which when too ſtrictly attended to, certainly contract all the powers of mind and body. Nothing, I believe, can ſo effectually counteract this, as travel-

travelling, and reſiding in different countries. If the traveller has the leaſt ſpark of curioſity, or love of the beautiful and ſublime in nature, it muſt be excited on the Continent, and can only be gratified by the ſacrifice of what are called many comforts and by incurring many inconveniences, to which no inducement at home could be found ſufficient for the indolence of delicate health to ſubmit to.

With theſe views my beloved huſband took me abroad, and I have to thank him every hour of my life for the experiment, which has ſucceeded beyond what I could have believed, and I hope to the extent of his expectations. But whilſt I feel my heart glow with grateful affection to him for his tender and ſpirited exertions to promote my felicity, I cannot omit a tribute to the Supreme Giver of all good, who united us, and whoſe providence has protected and carried us through many difficult and dangerous ſituations, and permitted our ſafe arrival in our native land, free from the terrors of war and tumult. I can not be inſenſible to this bleſſing, any more than to many previous ones which have by various ſteps led me to as pure a ſtate of happineſs as this world can beſtow.

My

My reſidence abroad, though it has in ſome degree attached me to the Continent, not only for the beautiful and intereſting objects it exhibits, but by the ties of gratitude, friendſhip, and eſteem; has taught me alſo the intrinſic value of England, as to the ſuperior felicity of its government, and the ſolid worth of its inhabitants, in which [though I am intimately connected with ſome characters abroad who can not be out-done by the virtues even of my country people] I believe it, ſpeaking generally, to be far ſuperior to every other nation in the world.

With theſe ſentiments I can never be ſuppoſed to be an unworthy Engliſhwoman, though I confeſs private friendſhip and perhaps enthuſiaſtic attachment to the beautiful and ſublime of nature would make me experience a ſenſible regret did I believe myſelf for ever ſhut out from the Continent. The firſt truly gratifying emotion I experienced in England, was the ſight of the H— family. My long affection for them made our meeting intereſting to my heart, and the promiſing children with which I found them ſurrounded, was highly gratifying to me on more accounts than one; for unbounded as is my attachment, gratitude and love for my dear Mr. Douglas, it will never exclude from my grate-

ful

ful remembrance, the connection which firſt taught me, that a woman's ſureſt happineſs is to be found in a marriage with a worthy man who ſtudies to promote it.

14 JY 60